THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION JANUARY 28, 1956

Alex Werth: The Stalin Cult

THE NEW

STATESMAN AND NATION

The Week-end Review

Vol. LI. No. 1299 [Incorporating THE ATHENÆUM] SATURDAY, JANUARY 28, 1956 [Registered at the G.P.O. as a newspaper] NINEPENCE

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Wanted—A Socialist Housing Policy

FOR reasons that are both economic and political, the government has decided to cut public housing to the bone. Within two years, it will be almost impossible for local authorities to build for "general needs", and it is even doubtful whether they will be able to do much slum clearance or provide for the "overspill" population from the big towns. By cutting, and before long abolishing, the general subsidy, and by steadily pushing up interest rates, the Minister of Housing will put local councils in an intolerable position. He has not forbidden them to build, but he has ensured that rents of new houses will be beyond the means of the majority of people on council waiting lists. Already, every week, hundreds of families are forced to refuse the offer of a council house because the rent is more than they can afford. This is the way in which, on paper, the Tories will end the housing shortage.

How can the Labour Party most effectively oppose this policy? Of course local Labour parties can, if they wish, make political capital out of this Tory decision to wreck the public housing programme. But in fact Labour councillors are responsible people whose job is not propaganda but housing; and, though angry protests may be satisfying, it does not build houses. This is not an issue on which Labour can voice its opposition on principle and wait until it becomes the government again, for local authorities have to decide now how they will react to rising costs, and how they will spread the burden over their tenants.

That is why, last week-end, several hundred representatives of Labour groups on local authorities met in London to discuss their problems. Are they to stop building—abandon what, to local Labour parties, is a primary objective—decent, municipally-owned housing estates with rents that any working-class family can afford? Are they to go on building, though the cost of new houses may push all rents up beyond the reach of those who are in most need? Or should they try to discriminate, as the Minister wishes them to do, between richer and poorer tenants, even though this means introducing some form of means test?

Opinion in the Labour Party as a whole runs strongly against the means test required by differential rent schemes. Yet some Labour councils have already been driven to relate their rents to income in order to spread increased costs more fairly over all their tenants. And though the Labour leadership has taken no formal stand about this principle, its spokesmen last week-end made it clear that, wherever necessary, they approved a system of rent rebates—which demands a means test only from those who seek reduced rents and not from everyone. If the pattern of rents has to be changed, rent rebates are no doubt the most practical way of doing it.

The weakness of last week-end's conference, however, is that this question cannot be discussed in a vacuum. It is all very well for the Labour Party Executive to leave the decision to local Labour groups. But before these can make up their minds they want to know what Labour's housing policy will be if it wins the next election. That is what the Executive is unable to tell them because it has not yet made up its own mind. It has not decided whether it intends to restore housing subsidies, or how large a subsidy it will offer. It does not know whether it will wish or be able to bring down interest rates. It probably has very little idea how many houses it wants, or what kind of houses or where they should be built. It is all very well to tell local Labour parties to denounce the Tories and to look after the tenants as best they can, to stress Labour's plans for socialising and renovating old property. But the Labour Party has not yet faced the fundamental question. Does it believe that a Socialist housing policy should provide housing as a universal service meeting an urgent social need? Or is it unconsciously moving to the view that the benefits of subsidised housing should be confined to a narrow class, and provided only for those with the worst conditions and the lowest incomes?

Comments on the Week's News

The Temptation of Sir Anthony

The real test of Sir Anthony Eden's authority as prime minister is not his oratorical performance at Bradford or his personal appearance on television, but the courage or timidity he displays at the Washington talks. The most urgent problem will be the dangerous situation in the Middle East. The future of the Baghdad Pact, the vague wording of the Tripartite Declaration on Israel and western divergences over Saudi Arabia—these are all menacing issues. But behind them is the new diplomatic fact that the West has no longer a monopoly of pressure power in the Arab world. The conference has to face the solid presence of the U.S.S.R. in a region where western statesmen have thought their advice unchallengeable. The temptation is to be satisfied with the argument that since it pays the Russians to embroil the Middle Eastern powers, there is no point in seeking agreement with them. Sooner or later, however, a consortium with the Soviet Union is the only possible object of policy. Similarly it is no good saying that nothing can be done about the stalemate in Germany or the renewed argument about Formosa. The western armoury of cold war formulas must be replaced with weapons adapted to the age of competitive co-existence. And that means—at any rate in regard to the Middle East—a joint western economic and political policy which invites co-operation with the Russians, but which can be pursued for the benefit of the Middle East if the Russians refuse.

Malta Prepares to Vote

In two weeks' time, the Maltese will vote on Mr. Mintoff's proposals for constitutional integration with Britain. Reports reaching this office indicate that the campaign is arousing intense interest: the Labour Party is holding as many as 20 meetings a day and attendances are uniformly good. It is unfortunate, therefore, that despatches published in the British press have concentrated almost exclusively on the opposition to the referendum. This has taken two forms: an attempt to get a court ruling that the referendum is illegal, and an appeal to the electorate to abstain. Both the court of first instance and the Malta Court of Appeal have now ruled that the referendum is legal, and there seems no reason to suppose that the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council will take a different view. But the Nationalist boycott may be more successful in prejudicing British parliamentary opinion, particularly since it is linked to charges that arrangements for the voting are unfair. These charges have already been refuted in an incisive letter to *The Times* from Dr. Balogh, economic adviser to the Maltese Government. Integration, as he points out, has been the dominant issue in Malta for over a year, and there seems no doubt that the Maltese will have a clear idea of what is at stake when they vote on February 11. By attempting to obscure the issue, and by refusing to debate the merits of the proposals, Dr. Borg Olivier is providing further evidence of the political irresponsibility which led to his electoral defeat last year. The Catholic hierarchy has taken a more reasonable attitude. They are, naturally, anxious as to the position of the Church should integration be carried through, and they are asking the government for written guarantees. But they have refused, despite pressure from the Nationalists, to object to integration in principle. In our view, these guarantees might well be furnished without more delay. For, provided the Church remains aloof from the conflict, Mr. Mintoff seems assured of the substantial vote in favour of integration which the report of the parliamentary committee stipulates as a condition of British acceptance.

Malayan Freedom Talks

The London conference on Malaya seems to be going well. The signs are that the British government will meet the Malayan request for full self-government now. This would mean the immediate transfer of Finance and perhaps of the Attorney General's office to locally elected ministers. The Malayan Chief Minister may become head of a renovated War Council which would control police and military operations against the Communists. This would amount to at least the formal transfer of control over internal security. At the same time, a new piece of machinery is likely to be set up at once to speed up the Malayanisation of the police and the civil service. The concessions that Tengku Abdul Rahman is likely to get would strengthen his position. He should look much more like an embryonic national leader confronted by a Communist rebellion. But many of the innovations may be largely on paper. Top British officials are likely to become "advisers" instead of "ministers." British generals will still, in fact, run the military operations. Much will therefore depend on the actual performance of the Tengku and his colleagues, on the extent to which they can take hold of power in practice and make the U.M.N.O.-M.C.A. alliance a real and active racial partnership. Some of the Chief Minister's remarks to Malayan students on Monday were disconcerting. He still seems to underestimate the significance of the unassimilated and politically restive Chinese of Malaya and to be too prone to regard them as a mere nuisance. He and his colleagues appear to believe too much that, once independence has been achieved, they can turn the clock back and regain the placid Malaya of pre-war days. They still need to do a great deal more than this.

The Printers' Dispute

We ask our readers to pardon shortcomings in this issue, which result from the present dispute between the British Federation of Master Printers, on the one hand, and, on the other, the Typographical Association and the London Typographical Society. We are sorry if some of our readers received their copies late last week. They will understand and forgive if there is also a delay this week. We have only been able, in the current issue, to set up a minimum of new matter, and we have been forced to jettison some of our usual features and to omit articles we had planned or promised.

As we go to press there is no indication of what conditions will be next week. If the dispute continues we must again rely on the indulgence of our readers.

The Bombay Riots

This week's orgy of riots in Bombay, one of the blackest on record, was above all the result of a gross miscalculation on the part of both the state and central governments. Obviously neither had anything like a clear notion of the depth of Maharashtrian sentiment about the city. It is evident that they had expected no serious trouble over New Delhi's decision to remove the city from the newly created state of Maharashtra, and place it under the administration of the centre. Nor was the central government's position vis-à-vis the rioters in any way helped by its total failure to advance even a single cogent reason for its decision against Maharashtra. Mr. Nehru had appealed for "sweet reasonableness," but had himself been unable to avoid the admission that Bombay, being geographically surrounded by Maharashtra, "may be considered part of it." On the other hand Gujerat, to mollify whom the decision was taken, is over a hundred miles away at its nearest point to Bombay. In the city itself Maharashtrians form by far the largest single block of population, being 46 per cent, as against only 16 per cent Gujeratis. Nor was there much substance in the central government's only real contention—that Bombay was a "cosmopolitan" city. Under Maharashtra, Bombay could hardly have changed its character; and, in any event, Maharashtrian leaders were at all times willing to concede any safeguards the minorities thought necessary for their protection. But riots are only part of the trouble. At present the task of the central government is unquestionably the one of restoring order. No political move can be considered while violence continues or threatens. But after that the government will have to find a way to retract without an open loss of face.

Meanwhile it is important to grasp that there is nothing anti-Nehru, anti-government, or anti-Congress in the present demonstrations. They represent a very local protest limited to the single issue of Bombay only; and it would be a grave error to try to read in them any expression of general dissatisfaction with the wider policies of the government, or with any of its political or economic programmes. One thing the riots do prove, however: that even so enormously popular a leader as Mr. Nehru cannot ignore popular sentiment when it really exists in any strong measure.

The Railway Settlement

The seven per cent. rise accepted by the railway trade unions from the Transport Commission goes little beyond covering the actual rise in living costs—about six per cent.—since the last advance was granted a year ago; but it does show a small margin and is very little below the 7½ per cent. claimed by two of the unions concerned. Clearly these two were pretty well bound to accept it; and the N.U.R., if it had stood out for more, would have been compelled to "go it alone"—which it was naturally reluctant to do. The minor concessions in respect of Saturday overtime pay and the prospective introduction of a sick pay scheme were also clearly welcome, though their cost is not likely to be great; and Sir Brian Robertson, by raising his offer at once when his original proposal of six per cent. was rejected, has done his best to secure the good will as well as the mere acquiescence of the railway workers. Whether the additional cost of between £23 and £25 millions will mean higher fares is unknown. Sir

Brian said the Commission was determined to get out of the red, but also expressed doubts whether higher charges would necessarily bring in higher receipts. The railway settlement, which is pretty well on all fours with recent advances in other industries, is likely to have a considerable influence on the settlement of outstanding wage claims. It looks as if the government's policy is to endorse moderate wage-advances for the time being, while accompanying them with greater insistence on wage-restraint for the future, and thus to postpone any general conflict with the trade unions at any rate until after the coming budget. What happens then will depend on the government's success in checking price increases and inflation of profits, and on the outcome of the present campaign to bring down housing subsidies and increase rents, as well as on the future course of the balance of payments and of employment under the "credit squeeze."

Westminster

Balanced Unbalanced

There was the Prime Minister, brave and determined, looking as though he really meant still to be Prime Minister in four years' time yet blushing awkwardly at those frequent references to the *Daily Telegraph*. There was Mr. R. A. Butler, sun-tanned and "eager for the fray", yet somehow unable to suppress his yawns or inflate his hollow cheeks. There was Mr. Macmillan, looking, as always, as though the world was all right, but looking, as always, as though he was thinking of another world than this. The three of them sat together on the government Front Bench, separate eyes of the same body. But where the body was we did not know. The eyes did not look round to see. They just stared ahead like the pale sidelights of a car which has been parked by the roadside on a gloomy night.

Question time passed slowly. Macmillan stonewalled with bland gracefulness when asked about the cost of living or the financial policies of his predecessor. Sir Anthony Eden flicked over the pages of his folder, licked his teeth or glanced from time to time, with penetrating purposefulness, at the clock, then scored a quick single by telling a protesting Labour questioner that he himself was merely following Labour precedent in excluding the Minister of National Insurance from the Cabinet. Then, when Hugh Gaitskell asked him if he had any statement to make about business, Butler moved into action and announced that, this day, instead of debating housing subsidies in Scotland, we would debate the White Paper on the disposal of surplus war material. We all knew already that we were going to debate this; but as the Tories were now sitting up expectantly, it was clear that they, too, were enjoying their share of piquancy. Sure enough, when Gaitskell announced that the Opposition had no intention of confining themselves to the White Paper but would widen the debate to include Middle East policy, the Tories tittered. I did not fully understand why; but Alf Robens looked as if he did.

The Tories continued to titter, with obvious justification, during Sir Walter Monkton's first speech as Minister of Defence. In his slow, placid, reasonable way he gently suggested, to the satisfaction of his supporters—and the whole of the Conservative Party is still united behind *him*—that the exported surplus war material, about which Labour had made such a fuss during the recess, was merely "any old iron" which could harm nobody. Despite some pressure from Bessie Braddoc', he did not feel called upon to mention the export to Egypt of up-to-date, immediately usable Centurion tanks which could harm all sorts of people by seriously upsetting the balance of arms in the Middle East. He did not mention these, he said, for two reasons: (1) that he was dealing only with the White Paper, that the White Paper dealt only with matters mentioned by the Opposition in the recess and that the Opposition had not mentioned Centurion tanks in the recess. This point went down well with the government benches, and one felt that it was this which had stirred the government's sense of piquancy. However, Sir Walter spoiled it—and the ovation he would otherwise have received—by adding a second reason—that (2) if he dealt with matters outside the White Paper, just before their visit to Washington, he would only embarrass his Right Honourable Friends. The phrase "embarrass his Right Honourable Friends" was so piquant that Sir Walter sat down amid titters, instead of cheers, from both sides.

In the circumstances, Hugh Gaitskell, who followed, did really well. Though it was not much, he made the most of the White Paper, of the government's ignorance of what had been happening, of their inability at first to control it when they found out and, finally, of their failure to report what action they had tardily taken. Then he offered, at least in generalisation, a policy for the settlement of the Middle East based on one recognisable fact that there will be no settlement there without the co-operation of Soviet Russia. Thereafter the debate flowed unexcitingly through the usual channels and was finally dammed by two young politicians, Selwyn Lloyd and Alf Robens, who have both spent the last few weeks getting up the case about "Foreign Affairs." The only break in the continuity was made by Dick Crossman. His "hear-hears" during Robens' speech were so insistant that members began to think that something interesting was being said. But these were just the shadows cast before by coming events and were interesting only as an example of loyalty. When Crossman was himself speaking, there were no shadows. He made an indictment—overdue, if overlong—of the government, such as has not been equalled in the present Parliament. But then, with him, on the Middle East, there is no question of getting up a case. He *knows*—as well as any man can know. It is a pity that he still does not know enough about people to refrain, for instance, from such stupid generalisations as he made about the H.L.I.

To sum up, although the Russians and, to some extent, the British Government, have upset the "balance" in the Middle East, this first debate of the New Year seriously upset nobody. Hugh Gaitskell emerged from a difficult situation with some credit. Alf Robens, like Tom O'Brien before him, learned the danger of telegrams and in future may realise that postcards are less expensive; and the three pallid sidelights of the Conservative Party leaned back into reassurance. Even Sir Anthony Eden, feet on table and handkerchief drooping lazily from breast pocket, began to look once more like the black Homburg hat which the nation once knew and loved so well. He had weathered the storm—both in the House and outside. He could settle into his trans-Atlantic suite for a period of something like peacefulness—until the next storm.

J. P. W. MALLALIEU

Mr. Willis States His Case

A Special Correspondent writes: Years ago, compositors were allowed to carry short swords. This distinguished them from "gentlemen" who, though probably unable to read, had the right blood born into their veins. But, even more, it distinguished them from other tradesmen who were only allowed to carry sticks or cudgels. It established them as the aristocrats of craftmanship. But now the compositors feel that their position is being threatened. Though, in terms of skill, they are still aristocrats, in terms of reward, they feel, they are being treated less well than labourers; and it is for that reason that the Typographical Association and the London Typographical Society have instructed their members to work to rule and to limit overtime, thus hampering the publication of this journal, in common with all other periodicals and London suburban and provincial newspapers.

At present the compositors' basic minimum wage is £9 8s., which includes £1 13s. cost of living bonus. After long negotiation, the employers have offered an increase to £10 6s., with the cost of living bonus consolidated in that sum. The T.A. and the L.T.S., however, have rejected this offer. They want a minimum of £12 and are prepared, if necessary, to strike for it.

Mr. Robert Willis, the joint general secretary of the Society, was quite clear about this. He is only now recovering from his second leg-fracture in six months and has to spend much of his time in a wheel chair; but there was nothing of the invalid about him as he talked in the ground-level office to which he has moved.

"We've got £1,250,000 in the kitty and only 15,000 members to look after. We can stay out a long time on that," he said. "But I don't see why we should have to.

"Look, at the present moment many unskilled or semi-skilled men are taking home more than the £10 6s. minimum the employers are offering. What can I tell a boy who says to me 'Other boys are earning good money and are free at nights to go to the pictures. But I've got to stick as an apprentice for six years and spend my evenings at technical school'? I can't say to him now, as I used to say, 'You keep at it and in the end you'll be a craftsman.' It doesn't mean anything to him any more. He can get as good or better wages in some other job with far less trouble.

"Don't get the idea that we are anti-labourer. Why, we compositors actually helped to found Natsopa at a time when unskilled and semi-skilled men were getting a raw deal. A compositor was their first secretary. And when Ben Tillett was fighting for his dockers, we were the first organisation to send him a cheque—for £100. Of course the labourer is worthy of his hire; but we don't think he's worth as much as a skilled man—unless he has learned the same skill."

That, said Mr. Willis, was a reasonable attitude. He said that the actual demand was equally reasonable. It would cost the employers very little because his members were averaging around £11 10s. as things were. Because of the shortage of labour, nearly all employers were paying well above the minimum in order to keep or attract men. The trouble was that these extra payments could be knocked off at two weeks' notice, and the point of the present demand was to turn temporary and possibly insecure earnings into an assured basic minimum which could be altered only by negotiation.

"If they'll give us that," said Mr. Willis, "we'll give a guarantee that for three years we won't ask for any more. And we'll break every rule in our rule-book to take in older youths for special training and to provide assistants in the composing room to release skilled men from some of the less skilled jobs. That's reasonable enough surely? But then," said Mr. Willis, "I am a very reasonable man. And my funds available for strike action are very reasonable too."

The Real South African Opposition

It is dangerous to meet African leaders in South Africa—dangerous to them and dangerous to oneself. They may be hauled before the courts for contravening one of the many government bans under which they lie; you may be declared a prohibited immigrant. Meetings with them today are surrounded by the melodramatic precautions which used to be taken before meeting anti-fascists in pre-war Europe. On one occasion during my visit last summer I was instructed to take a taxi to a certain street in Johannesburg, leave the taxi, walk along a number of other streets, make certain that no one was following me, before entering a particular block of offices. In Cape Town—the home of liberalism—two Africans had been surreptitiously picked up by car, were covered in the rear seat and driven with me to a European flat, into which we were secretly smuggled. If at any time during either of these meetings the police had been put wise and made a raid, each of the African leaders would have finished up in gaol.

Nor is this persecution confined solely to Africans. One day in Johannesburg I walked along President Street with a European lady towards the City Hall. On the steps in front of the hall a meeting was being held. My companion asked me to cross the road, for if she had been seen on the fringe of the crowd she could have been arrested for attending a gathering.

Behind all the specious propaganda about giving the Africans opportunities to develop in their own areas, and behind even the fight on the constitution and the Senate Act, the Nationalists have been making a violent attack on the leadership of the African and Asian communities, and on those few Europeans who are prepared to make genuine personal sacrifice for the principle of racial equality. This attack was launched in earnest in the Suppression of Communism Act of 1950. In South Africa few people who call themselves Communists would have been recognised as such elsewhere. The overriding reason for becoming a South African Communist was the unconditional acceptance of racial equality by the Communist Party and its admission of Non-European members on completely equal terms. The South African government, however, through the Suppression of Communism Act, has identified with Communism any serious attempt to establish racial equality. Yet even this dictatorial power was insufficient. The simple fact is that the Non-Europeans—four-fifths of the South African population—have only one weapon in their armoury. In a country where Europeans make the laws and control the police and judiciary, the Non-Europeans have no constitutional means of expressing their dissent; the only power they possess is their labour. In spite of the claims of the supporters of apartheid that the country is to be separated into white and non-white states, the truth is that at present white society depends very largely upon black labour, would be helpless without it, and shows no inclination to be deprived of it.

The chief Non-European leaders began to recognise this fact in 1950. On June 26 of that year—a date which has now become significant in the Non-European calendar—an attempt was made to hold the first general strike. Lack of organisation and the poor communications (which weaken all national organisation in the Union) inevitably prevented widespread success. Yet, in certain towns like Port Elizabeth, life was practically brought to a standstill, and many Africans undoubtedly learnt for the first time the power of passive protest. It was in 1952, however, that the strongest and most direct attack was made by the Non-Europeans on the whole caste structure of South African society. In June of that year a passive resistance campaign began which during the following seven months took 8,000 Africans to gaol. The members of the movement deliberately broke discriminatory laws and openly invited arrest. In general, the operation was extremely well disciplined and non-violent, although in the later stages, tempers rose and a few violent incidents occurred.

This campaign proved the high-watermark of Non-European organisation. It was a tremendous feat of organisation and voluntary martyrdom in such an authoritarian society. It was crushed only when the government took even more stringent powers of suppression. At the beginning of 1953, two new acts, the Public Safety Act and the Criminal Law Amendment Act, gave the government power to declare martial law without becoming answerable to any court or to Parliament, and provided for increased punishments—a fine of up to £500 or imprisonment of up to five years or whipping up to ten strokes, or a combination of any two of these penalties. These vicious powers, added to those already being used under the Suppression of Communism Act, effectively killed the passive resistance campaign.

During the past three years, discipline and organisation has declined. The two Congresses have been joined by the Congress of Democrats, an organisation of Europeans mostly sympathetic to Communism. A few Coloureds have also joined this tripartite movement, but most of the Coloureds are so divided and sectarian that they play little part in joint Non-European leadership. The tendency over these three years has been to boast, but fail in action. This was particularly evident in the Western Areas removal scheme of last April. A tremendous campaign had been whipped up to convince the world that these forced removals from African locations in Johannesburg would provide the occasion for mass revolt. Instead, most of the tenants involved in the first moves had nothing but shanties to lose and new houses to gain. Naturally they went quietly. Again it was expected that there would be considerable opposition when the Bantu Education Act was put into practice. An attempt was made to organise a strike of school children, but the only result was that the children themselves suffered. Some degree of success was achieved

There was also a Beaver, that paced on the deck,
Or would sit making lace in the bow,
And had often (the Bellman said) saved them from wreck,
Though none of the sailors knew how.

— The Hunting of the Snark

by the Congress movement in June of last year when it organised a conference at Kliptown to approve a freedom charter embodying detailed principles of racial equality. The crowd which attended showed that the Congresses still command more Non-European support than any other South African movement. Yet it was still little more than a public demonstration of defiance against the government's apartheid.

What can the Non-European leadership do? The government has the power and has shown a completely unscrupulous willingness to use it in order to enforce its own version of apartheid. It has begun steadily to move people about the country in order to establish its conception of racially zoned areas. Not only are Africans to be moved away from European areas in Johannesburg but the intention is to remove them all from the Cape Peninsula, and to move the Indians out of Durban.

In this drive towards segregation even economic interests are being sacrificed. It is futile to depend upon the Marxian politico-economic analysis in present South African conditions, for it simply does not apply in that country. It is true that more Non-European labour is constantly being employed in the manufacturing industries, but whenever intelligent employers try to secure an efficient labour force by stabilising their Non-European workers in the towns and training them, they are defeated. South African politics puts racialism before economic interest. Nor can one rely upon pressure towards organisation amongst the workers. For more than thirty years the trade union movement has been divided on grounds of colour. Today it is fatally split, with three different central organisations, only one of which is open to all races. When the Industrial Conciliation Bill is introduced in the present session the inevitable result will be that these different trade union bodies will compete amongst themselves and thus reduce the general standard of living of all workers.

Meanwhile, the government has had a little success in persuading some Africans that they will get more from supporting authority than from opposing it. To the general surprise, in the Senate elections the Nationalist candidate ran William Ballinger very close, although there was undoubtedly some gerrymandering of the election. Some support is being given to the government in the application of both the Bantu Authorities Act and the Bantu Education Act, whilst the breakaway from the African National Congress, led by Selope Thema and the Bantu Congress, both generally supporting the government, have gained some little support.

One might expect the Congress movement, as representing the most militant Non-European opposition in the country, to receive support from the Liberal and Labour Parties. Both these parties, however, are still weakened by internal dissension, the former on whether unconstitutional action may be proper in certain circumstances, the latter on whether to continue to look to the white electorate or throw in its lot with the Non-Europeans. There are Africans in the National Congress who are also members of the Liberal Party, but it is not surprising that the African leadership has more confidence in the Congress of Democrats, most of whose members have made personal sacrifices and declared for unconditional equality, than in these other two parties which still hedge on fundamentals.

It is tragically impossible, without gross wishful thinking, to foresee any hopeful outcome for South African Non-Europeans in the near future. The Congress movement is now engaged in a campaign to secure a million signatures to the freedom charter, thus conducting a widespread educational campaign. The Liberal, and more particularly the Labour Party, are coming closer to the Non-European opposition. Overseas sympathy continually grows, though too often attention is diverted to such movements as Black Sashes and Torch Commandos. Certainly closer overseas contacts and assistance could be increased, particularly from the West, instead of leaving the initiative to the Communists. Yet in the final resort freedom can be won only by the courage and martyrdom of the South African peoples themselves.

JOHN HATCH

Improving the Juvenile Court

ENGLISH courts have such a long and respected history that proposals to modify one of them may seem sacrilege. Nevertheless, many people who work in juvenile courts, and many humanitarians outside, have become aware, in recent years, of anomalies which seem to justify a revision of the procedure, if not of the constitution, of these courts.

Juvenile courts have a dual function. On the one hand they are criminal courts before which appear nearly all boys and girls between the ages of eight and 17 charged with offences. On the other hand, they have what might be called Chancery functions, in that they deal with children of all ages, from birth to 17, who are brought before them as "beyond control" or "in need of care or protection." Outside a busy court on a typical day will be found babies in arms in need of care, primary school children beyond control, boys of 13 or 14 charged with larceny or breaking and entering, older boys charged with crimes of violence, teen-age girls on the road to prostitution. To a casual observer, the court procedure in all these cases may appear much the same. In each, sworn evidence may be taken, witnesses may be cross-examined, solicitors may be engaged. When a case is proved, a probation officer may be asked to make a home visit, the local authority to provide a school report, the psychiatrist to give his views on the child's emotional and mental state. After studying this material, the bench's powers of disposal are much the same, whatever the capacity in which it happens to be sitting. The supervision order which may be made for those found beyond control or in need of care or protection differs little from the probation order which may be made for those found guilty of an offence. Children in each category may be removed from home and sent to approved schools or hostels or placed in the care of the council. All juveniles appearing before the court have much the same rights of appeal to a higher court against the decision of the bench.

It is easy to point out the defects of the present system. A court—in which there may be as many as 30 people representative of the police, the press, the probation service, the local authorities, counsel, students and distinguished visitors, in addition to the three magistrates, their clerk, the child and his parents—is hardly an ideal place to consider the unhappy events leading to the child's appearance before the bench. The formal procedure is not always understood by parents and, in the case of young children, is sometimes absurd. The preservation of a young offender's record for production, if called for, in an adult court seems unfortunate, since the purpose of the help given to him is not to hang a damning label round his neck but to give him a fresh start. And if the present procedure appears unsuited to the needs of young offenders, it must appear even less suitable for those who are in need of care or protection or beyond control.

Nevertheless, the present system has certain outstanding merits which compensate to some extent for its defects. A child has the same right to justice as an adult. If he says "I didn't do it," it must be proved beyond all reasonable doubt that he did before the appropriate action is taken. If he wishes to bring witnesses, he must be allowed to do so; if he is handicapped owing to his tender age or for any other reason, he must be provided with competent adults to speak for him. If a bench proposes to remove him from home or in any way to punish him, he must be allowed to protest in an effective manner to a body that has the power to quash the order.

Elaborate and clumsy though it may be, the juvenile court procedure is designed to preserve these liberties; whilst the presence of the press, the rights of appeal and the magistrate's awareness that his own conduct in court may be the subject of criticism by a high court judge, ensures that the system is not gravely abused. The administration of justice is never simple and the greater the emphasis on the welfare of the child, the more complex the procedure is likely to become. One does not need to be a magistrate to know that children's motives are rarely simple; that welfare workers and psychiatrists are not infallible and that they do not always agree; that steps which adults may wish to take for a child's good may be regarded by him as evil; that "to be put away" is no less a punishment to a child, because the cost to the nation is 12 guineas a week. Therefore, whatever changes may be made in the present system, it is essential to retain a judicial method of assessment of the facts of the case, a judicial supervision by a higher court and an effective right of appeal.

Perhaps the most important need is the raising of the age of criminal responsibility from eight to at least 12 or, as some suggest, to the statutory school-leaving age. A much needed reform which would no doubt accompany the raising of the age of criminal responsibility, is the destruction of the records of a juvenile court once a young person became too old for its jurisdiction. Adults could then no longer be placed in the position of the middle-aged woman who was faced in a police court last month with the record of an offence which she committed at the age of 13, 38 years ago. Applicants for jobs would also not be turned down merely on the grounds that they had replied truthfully to the question, "Have you been charged with an offence in a juvenile court?" In order to give youngsters a fair chance on leaving school, head-teachers do not make adverse comments about school leavers' characters on the record cards which are shown to youth employment officers. The juvenile court service might well display the same faith and the same charity.

A further advantage of the raising of the age of criminal responsibility would be the disappearance of an anomaly which is a source of considerable anxiety to many magistrates. There is a presumption in law that a child under 14 is incapable of wrongful intent. Therefore, to find a child between eight and 14 guilty of an offence, evidence must be forthcoming that he knew that what he was doing was wrong. It is not enough for a bench to believe that every normal child over eight knows that it is wrong

to steal. If a knowledgeable child insists that he did not know, and there is no evidence—such as that of concealment of the booty or running away—to rebut his statement, he must be discharged. A dismissal of a charge in such circumstances may seem absurd to the police and the parents and unfair to the culprit's young colleagues who, no more honest but more truthful, are found guilty and dealt with by the court. If a young offender were dealt with not as a potential criminal but as a "Chancery" case, reference to his ethical standards and his legal knowledge, though clearly important, need not be made until after the charge was proved.

An attempt might be made also to simplify juvenile court procedure without destroying its judicial nature. To achieve this end, it is important that if a royal commission or departmental committee is appointed to consider these problems, it should include among its members social workers and others who are not too exalted in rank to perceive court procedure through the eyes of a harassed parent or a delinquent child.

Finally, a greater effort might be made by local authorities to provide suitable premises for juvenile courts. In busy courts, it is not uncommon for children and their parents to talk to the magistrates before an audience of 20 or more people. Some in the audience are concerned with the case. Others are present simply because there is no place for them to sit whilst waiting for their own cases to be called. Overcrowding in a juvenile court may not be a great social evil. Nevertheless, owing to the embarrassment it causes to unstable children and anxious parents, it may well lead to miscarriages of justice.

MARY STEWART

London Diary

So Mr. Gaitskell is to continue as Treasurer until the next Conference, despite his election to the leadership. He is an able man, but I doubt whether even he can do justice to these two onerous posts for another nine months. The National Executive was obviously in a dilemma. If it declared the post vacant, Mr. Bevan was waiting in the wings as runner-up. He could hardly have been passed over in favour of anyone else. But why should the N.E.C. wish to pass him over? By bringing him back into their ranks as Treasurer, they could have given practical expression to the new talk about the need to heal old sores. Their refusal to do so is a disquieting sign that they expect the gestures of unity to come all from one side.

Nor can they plead that they were bound by the party constitution. Mr. Morgan Phillips' researches have merely established that the constitutional position is unclear and that in the last resort it is for the National Executive to decide. Nor do the precedents help much. In 1931 Mr. Arthur Henderson combined the posts of Secretary, Treasurer and Leader of the Party for twelve months, but the circumstances were exceptional and no one would argue today that such a concentration of power is desirable. Four years later the Executive took a very different line when it ruled that Mr. Attlee's election as leader automatically terminated his ordinary membership of the Executive, and hastened to make up its own strength by co-opting Mr. Arthur Jenkins, the next unsuccessful candidate.

The constitutionalists could argue for hours about these precedents, but the real issue is political. I suspect that the decision would have been very different if, say, Herbert Morrison, instead of Aneurin Bevan, had been the alternative.

The gist of Israel's complaint, as I heard it a few weeks ago, was that the promised balance of arms in the Middle East has been upset by the arrival in Egypt of many modern and deadly weapons. In particular they were angry because the British were supplying Egypt with a number (still disputed) of Centurion tanks. They were not so much worried by the prospect of invasion by antideluvian Valentines. For that reason Mr. Gaitskell's famous intervention in Downing Street was wrong in its emphasis. He and his colleagues were pushed along too fast by the press campaign about the indiscriminate sale of scrap. But that only means that the Labour Party's case was under-stated. It contained three sound points. First, the Foreign Office should be able to agree that to continue the supply of the most modern weapons to Egypt when the balance (qualitative as well as quantitative) is already being tipped by supplies from the Communist world, is greatly to increase the danger of war. The idea of this famous promise to maintain a balance was that it should be at a low level; to keep a balance at a high level is to foster an arms race. The second point is that we seem to be within smelling distance of the old "merchants of death," "secret international" scandal of the Thirties, when private arms firms made vast fortunes out of enabling—to take one ghastly example—the belligerents in the Paraguay-Bolivia war to go on murdering each other. The situation has, of course, changed since then; the State nowadays directly controls the arms traffic. But the control appears often to be wobbly; the distinction between scrap and usable arms seems to be inadequately clear, and exports are permitted without proper safeguards. It looks rather as if the influence of the arms manufacturers may be affecting government policy more than policy directs the sale of arms. Finally, Labour is certainly on the right lines in urging, as this journal has done throughout, that with the U.S.S.R. in the Middle East anyway, the only sensible thing is to seek an agreement with Moscow to ban the further export of arms to all Middle Eastern countries, Egyptian, Hashemite, anti-Hashemite, Israeli and all.

* * *

As Randolph Churchill said in a derisive review of the Prime Minister's appearance on TV, "It is almost a cliché to say that Sir Anthony makes use of clichés. . . . Clichés fell like clangers all round the studio." And mixed metaphors too. Viewers were earnestly and confidentially assured by the P.M. that we would never "cheesepare" about our "nuclear shield." By our "nuclear shield" he meant the atomic energy industry and the H-bomb, both of which are given absolute priority, regardless of any cuts in anything else. He was, of course, quite right that Britain's future depends on atomic developments and viewers might have gathered that everything was taken care of except, perhaps, for the minor detail of the source from which we are going to get the scientists and technicians. He seemed to think Sir David Eccles would somehow conjure them out of his mortar board. As Professor Sir Francis Simon pointed out in a broadcast which should have had a wider audience than the Third Programme, we need a crash-programme in education. The Prime Minister's glib assurance that any boy who wants to follow a technical career can have the opportunity is nonsense when we have neither the teaching facilities nor, much more serious, the science teachers. That applies not only to atomic developments, but to automation, about which Eden was cosily reassuring. Simultaneously the Russians were announcing that they have set up a Ministry of Automation, with detailed plans for conversion of industry. For this huge programme, they talk of so intensifying technological training that 500,000 more technicians will soon be available. Sir Anthony also insisted that we must go forward with the tests of our H-bombs—the "most powerful deterrent"—but then assured us that he was anxious to deter the deterrent by getting some agreement about these tests. Why does not he set an example? He knows that the effects of those experiments are accumulative and fraught with biological risks to the human race. It does not matter who sets them off. We are all involved in the hazards.

* * *

Now that one out of every two capital sentences for murder is commuted, you can hardly call the Royal prerogative of mercy an exceptional measure. "The Secretary of State becomes in effect an additional Court of Appeal", said the Gowers Report, "sitting in private, judging on the record only, giving no reasons for his decisions." Surely the truth is that he represents the uneasiness of us all about the death penalty and the state of the criminal law. It seems to me that if the Common Law says a man like Clarence William Ward must be sentenced to death for the sudden frenzied killing of a crying child in his bedroom, then the Common Law does violence to the common conscience (which is supposed to be the same thing). Its own phrase "malice aforethought" becomes meaningless when a very dull, backward man is liable to be hanged for shaking a child so roughly that it dies, especially when there is evidence that he had ordinarily treated it with affection—and even though he conceals the body. I am quite certain that this is not what the majority of people want: the trouble is that no fuss is made about such cases. I should say that the monthly *Newgate Calendar* now being published by the National Campaign for the Abolition of Capital Punishment will do a lot to modify the modern tradition by which only the spectacular or the erotic crime receives any public notice. Clarence Ward's reprieve last Monday does not alter the fact that his type of case, which has seldom attracted much attention in the past, is a far more likely field for the occurrence of real miscarriages of justice.

* * *

The wickedness of the railway companies in buying up Britain's network of canals and then allowing them to decay is a very old, familiar story. Now I see the Transport Commission is preparing to spend several million pounds on renovating some of them. Obviously it would be sheer waste of money to reopen the longest canal in this country, which runs under Standedge through a three-mile-long tunnel. This tunnel was cut without a towpath, with the result that when the horses reached the entrance they had to be trailed over the moors, while the bargemen lay on deck and propelled their boats by kicking against the roof. There are other less inconvenient canals which, it seems, might still be valuable because they could easily and cheaply remove bulk loads like coal and cement from our ludicrously over-burdened roads. One of the most interesting plans I know, not so far sponsored by the Transport Commission, is to make a canal running from Southampton to Newcastle and serving all the main industrial centres of England. The point about this "natural canal line" is that it would not need a single lock. It would follow a contour of 300 feet running right through the country. Of course it would cost a lot of money, but far less than the amount we shall have to spend on roads if some of the present heavy traffic is not diverted elsewhere.

CRITIC

This England

Prizes: £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

If a hydrogen bomb were to fall on Eastbourne tomorrow it might be difficult for Civil Defence workers to enforce "the strictest discipline" in urging people to go home and stay there until all danger had passed.—*Eastbourne Herald-Chronicle.* (Gordon Hoile.)

Father Alfred Baldwin, the priest in charge of St. Anne's Church, Buxton, has bought an acre of lunar land from the Inter-Planetary Development Corporation in New York as a site for the first church on the moon.—*Manchester Guardian.* (A. W. Morledge-Hadfield.)

Peaches was halfway through her nude pose act when she saw a mouse run under the dais on which she was standing. She screamed and jumped away.

Said her boss, Syd Elgar: "Miss Page will not be appearing again. She is under contract to remain still while posing. If the authorities hear of this I could lose my licence."—*News Chronicle.* (J. Peppiette.)

Sir Thomas Beecham was to have conducted the Royal Philharmonic in Beethoven's Mass in D. Now the organisers have decided that it would be inappropriate to ask the Queen to listen to a Latin Mass in Edinburgh on the Sabbath. Its place will be taken by Beethoven's Choral Symphony.—*Sunday Times.* (N. Fortune.)

Since their engagement last week, Margaret Wakefield and Gay Kindersley, Lord Kindersley's nephew, have spent many hours studying the Racing Calendar. "We are trying to arrange a wedding day that doesn't clash with Gay's racing engagements. It has been tentatively fixed for February 15," says Miss Wakefield.—*Sunday Express.* (W. Pugh.)

The Stalin Cult

DURING the years when the cult of Stalin was at its height—notably between 1939 and 1949—quite a few little stories used to be told in Moscow about the way Stalin himself would laugh at the boot-licking and the extravagant deification he had to endure day after day. For instance, they used to tell of a Kremlin banquet which Stalin himself opened with the following little speech, as he raised his vodka glass:

"Comrades, let us drink to the health of the greatest genius of our time, indeed to the greatest genius of all times, of our great comrade, our beloved leader, Comrade Stalin. And now, for heaven's sake, let's talk of something else."

I rather think that there was some truth in these stories; for Stalin had a good sense of humour. But at the same time it seems certain that the myth of the Great Man, of the father symbol, was also something which had its uses, not least during the war. Perhaps it was no mere coincidence that, almost the moment the war was over, Stalin should have admitted that "we" (i.e., he) had "made a good many mistakes." He did not specify what exactly he had in mind, but most people thought that there were at least three cardinal mistakes which Stalin made between 1939 and 1941. The first was to have treated the war in the west in 1939-41 as an "imperialist war," and so to have put, for instance, the French Communists in a hopeless and untenable position. The second was to imagine that the war between Germany and France would be a long war (which was, realistically speaking, the best justification Stalin had for signing the Soviet-German pact of 1939); and the last was to have allowed Hitler to launch a surprise attack on Russia on June 22, 1941, despite the numerous warnings of an impending German attack that had come from Churchill and Cripps. However, the Soviet press significantly failed to stress Stalin's "admissions" of non-infallibility; and, for several years afterwards, the myth was kept up as hard as ever. The most absurd examples of this were provided by some of the war films made after the war, in which Stalin was shown giving elementary lessons in strategy to the most famous generals of the Red Army.

After Stalin's death, there followed a long period of eclipse. The new leaders of Russia were determined that people should realise that to die was a perfectly normal thing for a man of 73 to do; that Stalin's death did not mean the end of the world, and that the U.S.S.R. and the Soviet regime could continue as before, without him. The whole emphasis was placed on the "collective" side of the leadership; and the most that the Soviet press was willing to grant Stalin was a description of him as "a faithful pupil of Lenin"; most of the time, in so far as any leaders were mentioned at all, the press preferred to talk of Lenin only.

What we witness today is a certain rehabilitation of Stalin; the 76th anniversary of his birth on December 21 was marked by some highly laudatory articles on the immense services he had rendered to the U.S.S.R. and "world Communism." At the same time, an attempt is now being made to explain that the "Stalin myth," far from having been approved by Stalin, was something to which he was profoundly opposed. Quite a search must have gone on in the Stalin archives to find any documents to show that Stalin was hostile to the Stalin cult and to the hero-worship with which he had been surrounded during the last 25 years of his life. In the end a few papers were unearthed. Thus, in an article on Stalin, the *Literary Gazette* of December 22 last, quoted a curious document dated 1938—and one which was certainly never quoted (unless I am very much mistaken) in any paper during subsequent years, when the Stalin worship was at its height. It is a letter Stalin wrote to Detghiz (the state publishing house for children's books) vetoing the publication of a sentimental and sloppy book called *Stories from Stalin's Childhood.*

I am totally opposed to the publication of this book (he wrote). It is full of factual errors and inaccuracies, exaggerations and an undeserved glorification. The author seems to have been taken in by a lot of old-woman's tales and by collectors of "anecdotes," and also by some typical boot-lickers.

But that isn't even my main objection to the book. What is worse is that the book tries to put into the heads of the young (and, indeed, of other readers, too) the cult of personalities, of chiefs, of infallible heroes. The whole idea is dangerous and harmful. The theory of "the hero" and "the crowd" is an idea that was popular with the old Social-Revolutionaries, but it is not a Bolshevik idea. According to the Social-Revolutionaries, it was the leaders who turned a "mob" into a "people." What we Bolsheviks say is that it is the people who creates the heroes. The book is playing into the hands of the Social-Revolutionaries. I strongly advise you to burn it.

The argument is perhaps on the thin side; and it certainly does not show that, in the years that followed, Stalin was opposed to the glorification of Stalin (not, it is true, as a "superman," but, to use his own phrase, as "a hero created by the people"). This glorification included "folk songs," like the words of Prokofiev's famous *Ode to Stalin*, written in 1939, in which Stalin is compared to the sun; and, even abroad, there were poems on the same lines, such as Eluard's famous poem of 1949:

. . . Staline récompense les meilleurs des hommes
Et rend à leurs travaux la vertu du plaisir
Car travailler pour vivre est agir sur la vie
Car la vie et les hommes ont élu Staline
Pour figurer sur terre leurs espoirs sans bornes . . .

No doubt there is a subtle distinction between a leader who "imposes" himself on the "mob," and a leader "elected" (as Eluard put it) "by life and men." But for the present, at any rate, and despite the unquestionable personal success of Krushchev's visit to India and Burma (and this visit seems to have made a tremendous impression in Russia), the glorification of the leader, no matter what form this glorification takes, is still badly looked upon in Russia. All leaders (including Stalin himself) continue to be treated as merely "the faithful servants of the party."

ALEXANDER WERTH

Who's Afraid of the Nominal Bomb?

"It is relatively easy to gain protection, since one has only to be out of the direct path of the rays of the fire-ball."

NUCLEAR WEAPONS. H.M. Stationery Office.

In nuclear war it seems any bomb, in all
Probability, will be a mere A or NOMINAL;
Even from obsolete H-Bombs we hope to be spared,
As their radius of annihilation used to be 3½ miles, so just imagine the area of πr^2.
But the NOMINAL BOMB surely does not deserve our bitter hate
As it will only, in a mere half-mile radius, modestly obliterate;
Outside that it is easy to find protection
From mere death-rays and fall-out by keeping out of their direction,
E.g., by getting inside a concrete gun-emplacement
Or whitewashing your windows and hoping for the best in a basement.

Light coloured woollens are also desirable,
But should be removed when in flames as a result of the fire-ball.
(If an H-Bomb, instead of a NOMINAL EXPLOSION, should be used inadvertently, the authorities say of it
That the cooking lasts longer, giving you more time to get out of the way of it;
It is also comforting that the πr^2 area won't need the attention of the C.D. tiros
As blast will obviate and obliterate both ambulance and fire-hose.)

H-Bombs are unpleasant, as their fall-out is sizeable;
To live less than 160 miles down-wind of one is considered inadvisable;
If you haven't a basement or cellar, dig a trench in the kitchen or vestibule,
As 500 *roentgens* are lethal, or at least indigestible.
No clothing protects you—so, of course, the plain sense is
To avoid the abortive heroics of Civil Defences;
But—except where their structures have been foolishly erected
Above-ground—*the Public Utilities will not be seriously affected.*

REGINALD REYNOLDS

Reform by Nomenclature

ST. JOHN CHRYSOSTOM wrote that it is not names which give confidence in things, but things which give confidence in names. The British people today believe the exact opposite. There are four possible methods of coping with the undesirable —to accept it, to suppress it, to remove its causes and to change its name. Today, the preferred method is the last. Once the method is noted, examples are found on all sides. The following are from a spasmodic collection of my own, casually culled from a very few journals. Social problems always produce a rich crop, of which slum housing is a sturdy perennial.

A "psychological boost" is needed by the 170 families living in converted R.A.F. huts at Hethel Airfield, near Norwich. So there will be no more references to "the huts on the camp," Forehoe and Hempstead Rural Council decided yesterday. Instead they will be known as "the bungalows at Hethel." (*News Chronicle.* 16.ix.53.)

A correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian* (14.xi.55) had another suggestion:

Sir,—The expression "slum houses" is certainly disagreeable. People living in houses thus classified may be stigmatised as slum dwellers. Would not "C3 houses" be a better term?

William Morris's proposal to raise the status of dustmen by dressing them in golden coats is more economically effected by nomenclative reform and, as the following quotation shows, the men concerned are quick to protest at any suggestion of nomenclative depression of status:

The 69 brawny dustmen—officially known as refuse collectors—of Solihull, Warwickshire, are on their dignity. A television show has caused considerable indignation . . . the dustmen are cross about last Sunday's "What's My Line?" in which Mrs. Dorothy Brentville was described as a dustwoman.

She is not a dustwoman, say the men . . . although for 18 hours of her 44-hour week she helps to hump some of the 24,157 dustbins in Solihull. . . .

"And that cannot possiby be confused with the more exacting work of a full-time refuse collector. That's not a woman's job, it would be un-British to have a woman doing it . . .," said Mr. Len Smart, cleansing department foreman.

"Anyway, the men don't like the word dustmen or dustwoman. . . ." (*News Chronicle.* 25.xi.53.)

And not only dustmen!

Sir Wavell Wakefield's Sanitary Inspectors Bill, which was published today, must be one of the shortest ever. It has only two clauses, and the second does no more than give the short title. Even so, it is a measure of some importance for sanitary inspectors. For years they have been chafing under the indignity of that word "sanitary," and now Sir Wavell wants to call them "public health inspectors" instead. (*Manchester Guardian.* 3.xii.55.)

Social equality is at least nomenclatively, if not statistically, suggested by

". . . in general what are called the higher social classes seem more liable to heart diseases than the manual workers." (*Manchester Guardian.* 28.x.52.)

And equality at the highest possible level is surely intimated by this advertisement from the Shaw Savill line:

For company you will have 1,160 fellow passengers, all travelling Tourist-de-Luxe.

The word *cheap,* as everyone will have noticed, has long since been replaced by *inexpensive* in all but derogatory senses. The word *common* is now equally unacceptable, as appears from these quotations from the *Manchester Guardian* of 27.xi.54:

Mrs. Chesterton tells a story about some of the inhabitants of the Cecil Residential Club in North Kensington where there are two sitting-rooms, the first, which was on the ground floor, called "the common room" and that on the second "the lounge."

Everybody was quite happy until some gossip stated that the common room was for common people and the lounge reserved for ladies. . . . To avoid further misunderstanding the name was altered to "the ground-floor lounge," and everybody was happy.

The irrepressible suspicion that there may, however, remain unaltered facts behind the most ingenious nomenclative reforms is shown by two quotations from *The Times.* In an article published 25.ii.52 it pointed out:

No fewer than a million aged pensioners, who had refused to ask for poor relief, flocked to the Assistance Board in 1940 (when it took over assistance to pensioners) and qualified for relief under its new name of "supplementary pensions."

Only fifteen years later the unpalatable facts needed new disguise, but this time it was not the name of the gift but that of its donor that was thought to be in need of reform. Suggesting that the National Assistance Board should be made the sole agency for the payment of cash consumer subsidies, a correspondent wrote:

The functions of the National Assistance Board would then have to be revised and extended to meet the new conditions. Many people find its name repellent and reminiscent of the poor house. It would be desirable, therefore, to devise a new name which would be both appropriate and acceptable. (17.xi.55.)

Perhaps the saddest range of reform by nomenclature is that relating to death, disease and madness. The first is redeemed only by the nature of the dear departed:

Sid Creek is 72. He has been a costermonger for more than 60 years and lucky. But all his luck went when he lost his horse, Nellie.

"She pulled my cart for 32 years," he said, with tears in his eyes, at Willesden County Court yesterday. "She was my pal. But she was too old to work. . . . I sent Nellie to a home of rest for horses."

He handed the judge a black-edged letter from the horses' home and said, "Poor Nellie passed away in May." (*News Chronicle.* 3.vii.52.)

But there is no laugh in the following all-too-common attempts at escape from inescapable facts:

Mr. Hudd spoke of parents' objections to their children being called imbeciles. "Although we do try to call them backward when the occasion arises." If there were one term acceptable to parents, he said, there would be better co-operation from parents. (*Manchester Guardian.* 17.vi.54.)

Sir,—Now that leprosy is in retreat, could we not begin to use "leprosy patient" or "suffering from leprosy" in place of leper, which has all the fear and terror of the ages in it. (*Manchester Guardian.* 15.vii.55.)

On how to report nasty swear words, the newspapers mainly under review have a varied and inconsistent policy. Here are three accounts of the same episode:

Mr. Ben Parkin . . . told the House how, when he was trying to bring some of his constituents into the Palace, he was ridden down by a mounted policeman who went on to shout at him in unmentionable language. (*Manchester Guardian.* 27.i.55.)

Mr. Ben Parkin . . . declared he was ridden down while escorting five of his constituents into the Palace of Westminster.

He said the officer remarked: "Don't argue. Get those — out of here." (*News Chronicle.* 27.i.55.)

A remark of the policeman to him was "Don't argue, get those buggers out of here." (*The Times.* 27.i.55.)

Straightforward suppression rather than alteration of offending objects is, however, rare, and this example is to be cherished:

The word cemetery has been banned from bus destination boards and local time tables at Bexhill-on-Sea. Residents have long complained that it was not a good advertisement for a health resort. (*News Chronicle.* 24.v.54.)

But for sheer simplicity Jomo Kenyatta takes a lot of beating:

Asked if he practised polygamy, he replied: "Yes, but I do not call it polygamy." (*News Chronicle.* 29.iv.53.)

And now for a mixed bag. It would be surprising indeed if readers were so much out of sympathy with contemporary trends as to find them all unreasonable:

"We don't really like the term junk playground," said a committee official. "We feel adventure or creative ground is the right name." (*News Chronicle.* 2.xii.53.)

The announcement seems to have been handled clumsily; it was made known in Malta as a "decision" rather than as the "offer"—the more normal wording in industrial disputes. (*The Times.* 3.iii.52.)

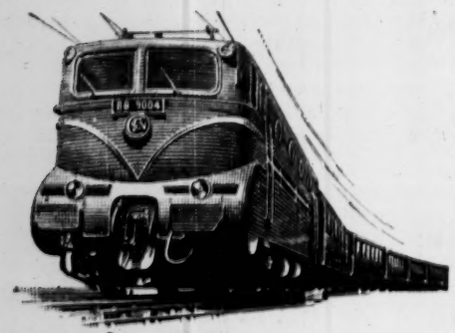
Mr. R. Crawford Johnson . . . listed the trade descriptions given by seven different makers to first-grade imperfect stockings. They were Undergrade, Grade B, Irregulars, Gazelle, Select Grade, Slightly Imperfect and Seconds. (*Manchester Guardian.* 19.i.55.)

Sir,—Your leader (Friday) does much to put the H-bomb/Civil Defence controversy into perspective. Perhaps the change of name, giving a truer definition of the criticised service may help. Admittedly, once it has fallen, there is no Civil "Defence" against the H-bomb. But a well-organised "Rescue" service thereafter should receive every help. (*News Chronicle.* 8.vi.54.)

It will be noticed that in not one of the extracts given is there any suggestion that any more reform is needed than by nomenclature. Facts are left strictly alone. The example to end, perhaps literally, all examples comes, however, not from Britain but from the United States, as quoted in the *News Chronicle* of 4.vii.55. It runs:

The United States Army has told its officers to stop calling chemical, germ and radiological material "mass destruction" weapons. They must call them "special purpose" weapons.

MARGHANITA LASKI



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The Arts and Entertainment

The Face of Nature

THE exhibition of post-war English landscape painting at the I.C.A. is a show of rare quality, reflecting the fine discrimination of Andrew Forge who selected it. Because the twenty-nine paintings by sixteen artists do not suggest the influence of Samuel Palmer via Graham Sutherland, critics have seized upon the conclusion that the show proves that there is a reaction against Romanticism. In the narrowest sense of the word this is true, but it is also somewhat confusing because English landscape painting has always been full of poetic undertones which have emphasised the ephemeral expressions of nature rather than its underlying structure, and this emphasis on the ephemeral is closely bound to the romantic attitude—even if the language is as severe as in Wordsworth. What this exhibition does reveal is that the best young English landscape painters today (was Vaughan too old to be included?) study nature instead of just referring to her like a dictionary for compositions purely about their own state of mind.

Since nearly every one of these paintings has been seriously worked upon—how vividly a selection by a painter of expert knowledge shows up the amateurish or conniving credulity of the average exhibition organiser—it is pointless to make comparisons, and perhaps more useful to try to give some idea of the different types of imagination among the artists.

Derek Cawthorne paints coarsely, but controls the vibrations of the bang of his pigment on the canvas to suggest some of the sharp brittle effects of nature within the broad flow of light and space: the evening light metallically reflected by the rain in a cart rut on a huge plain where distance finally softens everything: the light glinting on the blade of a scythe swung wide: or the wall of foliage along a high hedgerow, sombre and apparently impenetrable but from which at dusk, at the clap of a hand, hundreds of agitated starlings will fly out and circle round the sky until it is quiet again.

Patrick George, whose works should be shown far more often, paints realistically with the care of a lace-maker, observing the exact relationship between the holes of shadow and the stitches of light—sometimes single and sometimes woven as closely and liquidly as in silk—against grey, middle-toned haze and mist. He does not, however, do this automatically but with great feeling and attachment so that the way he interprets the light falling on a village in a valley suggests the passing of time—it falls like sand in an hour-glass. Anthony Fry, whose work I have discussed before, is a born landscape painter. He can make one feel the slope of a hill as though one were lying on one's back on it. His trees can withstand the wind—that is to say their forms are both pliable and solid. As for the emotions he conveys, they are very English, but the briefest way I can describe them is to compare his pictures to certain landscape shots from Renoir's films—the same hint, for instance, of how lovers can make a forest seem like a garden. David Houghton's vision is more linear than plastic, but his canvas of a passage-way in a Cornish fishing village turns as firmly, in its imaginative gathering of meaning, as the ratchet wheel of a winch. Peter Lanyon remains, as far as I am concerned, a mystery. How he is able to infuse into his unrecognisable blobs and scratches the feel and sound of a place and the particular speed of its rhythm as one rides it (for in one's dreams one can ride a whole peninsula) I do not know; but allowing him none of the benefit of any doubts, he does. Philip Sutton, who is also showing some pictures at Roland, Browse and Delabanco, is a strong scenic painter. Colours crash together like cymbals and the light is reflected off brass. At his best this generalised vigour does not prevent particular observation. The familiar literary image of the sky being *rent* is a remarkably difficult phenomenon to paint, because visually the sky is never just a back-cloth and so there is the problem of how to interpret the area round the tear. In No. 27 Sutton solves this. There are also pictures to be enjoyed by Patrick Heron (his small painting of a cornfield), Norman Town, Martin Froy, Middleditch, Greaves and Gear.

JOHN BERGER

The Magic Flute

THE Royal Opera House chose *The Magic Flute* as their contribution to the Mozart bicentenary celebrations. Rafael Kubelik and his colleagues have been at pains to make the production worthy of the occasion. There had evidently been careful rehearsal, and in some respects the performance reached the high musical standard that we are beginning to expect as a matter of course from Covent Garden. That much must be said, for as a whole this *Magic Flute* disappoints. At its best, the orchestral playing was beautifully burnished, but in a laudable and successful attempt to allow the text to be heard (Dent's version was used, revised and amplified), Mr. Kubelik over-refined; there was little definition, and only occasional probing beneath the surface. The tempi were too limply accented to impose themselves securely on the singers or for

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that matter on the audience, who were left vaguely wondering whether they were slightly too fast or just a fraction too slow.

John Piper has worked out an ingenious permanent set of wings and columns and steps which, with generous use of projections and painted gauzes, permits rapid changes of scene. Unfortunately the columns are too spindly to form a satisfactory framework either æsthetically or physically; they mask the singers at inconvenient moments and they wobble alarmingly when they are brushed by the endlessly swishing gauzes as they billow to the great draughts of cold air sweeping across the stage. There were indeed moments of beauty which cast a soft, romantic haze over the story potent enough to relieve an English audience from the embarrassment of contemplating the mysteries of Good and Evil; there were also steep descents into unaccountable vulgarity such as the appearances of the Queen of Night, who looked like something out of the wrong kind of French revue. Employed on so large a scale, Mr. Piper's favourite technique of broken surfaces, so faithfully reproduced by the scene painters, ends by fatiguing the eye. Even the columns were covered with hieroglyphic *graffiti*, as though Monostatos had been let loose with a stick of charcoal. Mr. Piper is probably our most ingenious and imaginative stage designer, but he is in danger of becoming the prisoner of his painterly approach.

Christopher West, who produced, is learning to handle his chorus more flexibly and his lighting gets better and better. The set may have been partly to blame for insignificant exits and entrances, but not for the grouping of the principals, which was ingenious rather than illuminating and produced little real dramatic tension. Comic relief popped up once or twice in the wrong place; thus the three Ladies, fluttering hands and forearms like agitated hostesses, spoiled the quintet with Tamino and Papageno. Why are English producers so terrified of Papageno? None of his scenes really "worked" the other night. Heaven knows, Schikaneder's dialogue does not exactly crackle with wit, but it is firmly based on age-old theatre gags to which we can still respond if only they are well enough done. Jess Walters barely had a chance to get the sympathy of his audience, and even the little scene where Papageno makes the blackamoors dance to his bells fell flat through over-elaboration. It is one of the problems that beset the producer of this opera that if the comic scenes don't come off, tedium sets in and the solemn scenes also fail to make their full effect. The truth is that this maturest and in many respects this wonderful expression of Mozart's dramatic genius cruelly exposes one of the cardinal weaknesses of English operatic style: the inability of all but a few of our singers to manage spoken dialogue convincingly. It is not fair to blame regional accents or awkward translations; we all know that properly trained actors can overcome these disadvantages. But our singers are not properly trained in this respect, and until we have some schools and permanent opera companies outside London where they can get the right kind of experience, they hardly will be.

Some of the actual singing at Covent Garden was pretty good. Richard Lewis was a smooth and dignified Tamino; Elsie Morison, though she quite missed the girlish high spirits of the earlier scenes, sang most of Pamina's music extremely well. Irene Jordan was a remarkably assured Queen of Night for a young artist, and her rich, creamy tone threw light on the usually unexplored lower regions of the two great display pieces. Keith Engen, another American visitor, was a promising but as yet tentative Sarastro, too modest to command his own priests and, indeed, nearly eclipsed by his noble-voiced Orator (Inia Te Wiata). Adele Leigh's enchanting Papagena suddenly raised the whole temperature of the performance, but it was too late; what this talented company badly needs is firm and experienced artistic, as well as musical, direction.

RONALD CRICHTON

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Saison en Enfer

"Rebel Without a Cause," at the Leicester Square

"Bel-Ami" and "Five Boys from Barska Street," at the Paris-Pullman

While Mr. Dulles hesitates on his brink, Hollywood plunges over it with a thoroughness that in the last few days has engulfed us all—all, that's to say, who make for films when they're new. *The Desperate Moments* took us quietly—so it seems, looking back—into the home life of a family on whom three murderers had picketed themselves. *Trial* flung a young Mexican to the wolves of law-and-order and Communism and then at the last moment snatched him back. In *The Man with the Golden Arm* the grandeurs and miseries of the heroin-addict seared our souls, or pricked at our arms, until here also we were comforted with a sudden miracle of escape. Now, once more, like Siegfried, we must go through the fire.

Adolescence, this time, is the threat. The film starts in a police station where, among others, are three maladjusteds: a drunk youth, a boy who has been shooting puppies, and a girl unhappily in love with her father. The CinemaScope screen takes in more than one at a time; each comes into the office of the welfare officer to explain. What's wrong? Parents, of course. The father is too soft or too hard, the mother a harpy or a lollypop, or they're both absent. This sounds pedagogic, but quick cinema makes it far from so. Already the nerves are being stretched, and the presence of James Dean as the drunk youth enormously enhances the strangeness and promise of the scene.

The three meet again in high school; and then begins a drama of almost Renaissance horror. There is the pack; there is the quarry—James Dean again; the puppy-shooting boy worships him, and the girl goes with the pack. No primitive tribe could be more fierce, ritualistic, or strangely armed. They have cars. There is a challenge, and these cars meet at night by a cliff top, form a gangway lit by headlights, and the bully and the challenger drive full pelt for the edge—the first to jump out being the loser. In this terrifying duel the bully catches his sleeve and plunges three hundred feet into the sea.

The three of the first scene are thus, with a common guilt, thrown together, and enjoy a strange terrified idyll in a deserted mansion; the girl and the youth being now in love, and the parentless boy being bewitched by both. The pack—re-formed—hunts them down. There are shots. Police cars howl up the hill, and then, in one of those end-of-siege spectacles to which we are growing accustomed, the youngest and most lost of the trio staggers out and is shot. A happy end for the young lovers is sketched in, none too convincingly. This is a film it would be easy to pick holes in, but no amount of dissatisfaction could disguise the fact that *Rebel Without a Cause* has more originality and power than all the *pièces noires* we have recently been witnessing, put together. James Dean gives a performance wholly his own, more electric to my mind than any of Marlon Brando's. His recent death is a real tragedy for Hollywood in its present mood. The other factor in the success of this film is the re-emergence of Nicholas Ray as a director of uncompromising skill. His use of the wide screen, the realism and tension of the main action, and the weird succeeding idyll combine to make one of the most remarkable films we have had from America for a long time.

Bel-Ami is a rather tame version of Maupassant, which has somehow managed to gain the distinction of being banned in France. Everyone will go to see it for that reason, and will come away wondering why. It is enjoyable enough in its way, which is well furnished, elegant, hard, and on the whole solid. But—though no devotee of the novel—I think M. Jean Danet lacks some fascination that must have been Bel Ami's. The director is Louis Daquin.

The second film at the Paris-Pullman is more exciting: a glimpse into the wild young life of ruined Warsaw, which might be compared with the revelations of *Rebel Without a Cause*. The film has an other-side-of-the-curtain realism marred as it goes on by streaks of melodrama.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

Eppur Si Muove

CRITICISM is not always abstract and theoretical. It sometimes results in action.

My broad hint a fortnight ago that Sir Kenneth Clark and the Independent Television Authority were not the completely acquiescent figureheads that they had sometimes seemed to be was followed by the news that they had in fact intervened to check some of the grosser indignities of *People Are Funny*, which was accordingly presented last Saturday in a purged form; and when the present contract finishes, in March, it will be discontinued.

It was on October 22, when commercial television was only four weeks old, that I first described the sort of thing that went on in this programme. A number of correspondents were horrified by my description of the wife bribed to connive at her husband's apparently extreme discomforts. Several other critics were equally censorious; and Sir Leslie Plummer, MP, took the matter up officially. The defensive statement that "only one complaint" about the programme had been "received" was, therefore, as disingenuous as it was lame. It is to be hoped that the ITA will intervene in other cases, when necessary, without public prodding; and it will be interesting to see whether the advertising revenue will suffer if such programmes as this one are toned down. It ought to be possible even for *People Are Funny* to be decent without being dull. At least I hope that—to cite another recent instance—we shall never again see in it anything like the distress of Mrs. Fiddler, a pretty mica-

splitter from Clapton, who cried "Oh! . . . It's *my* set" on realising that she had been tricked into smashing all her own crockery (with a mallet, through a cloth), including a treasured tea-set won as a prize. The howl of laughter from the studio audience was as cruel as the thumbs-down at a circus in ancient Rome.

The various "give-away" programmes are considerably less objectionable than this; but they vary a good deal in quality. *Double Your Money* is easily the best of them: the more difficult questions are a genuine test of advanced special knowledge; and the contestants are often well worth watching—for instance, Miss Robin Burke, a charming Pakistani student of literature. Mr. Hughie Green, who compères this show, knows to a nicety how the TV cameras will amplify the slightest facial flicker and therefore underplays refreshingly, alternating a look of solemn puzzlement with an air of slightly wicked aplomb and pausing now and then, dead-pan, to tease the contestants, before reading out the questions. The saddest recent failure in this programme was that of a sixteen-year-old ornithologist who lost £32 by not knowing the Latin names of three birds. But there is nothing sadistic in such an ordeal as this: the contestants have not been deceived or press-ganged into it, and the sympathy of the audience is invariably with them.

By contrast with Mr. Green, Mr. Michael Miles, by consistently overdoing the jollity in *Take Your Pick*, gives one the uncomfortable impression that he is a *faux-bonhomme*. He greets every contestant with exaggerated enthusiasm: they are on Christian-name terms at once . . . yet, all too often, the contestant's name is forgotten a few minutes later (five times in last week's edition). I sympathise with anyone who can't remember strangers' names; but if one has this disability, it seems foolish to be so promiscuously chummy. Every prize, again, is "wonderful" or "magnificent." (*The Encyclopædia Britannica* was both, last week.) It is surely for the recipient of a present rather than for its donor to praise it extravagantly. How nice it would be, for a change, to hear Mr. Miles say: "Here's a cigarette-lighter for you—rather an ordinary one, I'm afraid, and it probably won't work, but still. . . ." It is a pity that meiosis is contrary to the ethos of ITV. And don't studio-audiences ever tire of those repeated injunctions to "give him a hand"? I know some viewers do.

I do not want, however, to seem to be a hoodoo to these relatively well-meaning programmes. I should hate it if these observations were to induce a contra-suggestive mood in Mr. Miles—just as I felt really conscience-stricken recently when, having just printed a scathing comment on slipshod work, fluffed lines, and so on, I heard an announcer give out a *corrected* notice of the revised time for the serial *Sixpenny Corner* in the following remarkable sentences: "I told you that *Sixpenny Corner* would begin at 7.30. Well that of course was wrong. *Sixpenny Corner* will be at five minutes to seven—at six minutes *past* seven, every day from Monday to Tuesday . . . that is, from Monday to Friday." Poor chap.

From one extreme to the other: what should be an outstanding Third Programme item is booked for next Monday at 8 p.m.—three Dominicans in a medieval disputation on the morality of nuclear war, under the auspices of the National Peace Council.

TOM DRIBERG

Sadler's Wells Ballet at Covent Garden

The return of the Sadler's Wells company has the pleasant fâmiliarity of an old friend coming home. *Les Sylphides* seemed lovely, for the moonlight was perfect, the orchestra played well, and the dancers still retained a good part of the elegant style engendered by the Karsavina Grigoriev drilling. The second ballet, *Daphnis and Chloe*, is a prosaic interpretation of the legend in its decor and choreography. There are excellent patches: a *pas de deux*, some rocky hills, the first half of the pirate scene and the final meeting of the lovers; but the general effect is that of oil spreading over the water in a diffused

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glow, with places that have lost all colour but a smear. This is partly the fault of Ravel's delicate blurr of sound, which pads out the story. Margot Fonteyn is not my ideal Chloe: she is neither pastoral nor pure enough: she looks a sophisticated piece of goods, almost as knowledgeable as Daphnis' seductress, Lykanion. The third ballet of the evening, *Homage to the Queen*, is a royal pageant of skilful design, but not much interest unless the leading roles are played by stars of individuality. The Queens of Air, Earth and Fire with their consorts were, to me, so many suburban misses and masters managing their gyrations with competence. Only in Svetlana Beriosova, Queen of Water, was there an immediate sense that we were in the presence of an aristocrat. That she did not smile, but danced with a proud and cool dignity, at once put her in a superior position. It was not for her to simper and beg our approbation: she commanded it without effort, as every queen should do.

A. F.

Correspondence

FORMOSA AND THE U.N.

SIR,—It may well be, as you say, that the Russians are finding that political and economic competition is far more effective than the threat of armed expansion, but that does not dispose of the immediate threat in China's determination to counter America's "position of strength" in Formosa. Surely we ought to make our own policy in this matter perfectly clear now, before Mr. Dulles runs amok? Surely we are bound in honour to tell the Americans that, if they persist in trying to settle the Formosa dispute by threats, they will almost certainly find that they have to settle it by force and that this country will then have to be neutral. The responsibility of this country is to the United Nations. We have finished with power politics and are bound in honour to do our very utmost to secure the settlement of disputes by peaceful means. There is a good chance that both sides would agree to a guaranteed neutral Formosa, if they could be given some evidence that no aggression is intended. Both sides want deeds not words, but the responsibility for making the first move rests on America; the off-shore islands are occupied by hostile forces which are protected by the American navy and air force. There is good reason to hope that, if America would give an undertaking to refer the whole dispute to some form of arbitration, the Chinese would disperse units threatening Formosa.

If the Americans persist in their threats, if they persist in playing Russian roulette and go too far, we shall have to be neutral; but on the other hand the history of the past 50 years seems to show clearly enough that the United Nations have got to draw the line somewhere if they are to prevent aggression; and it may well be that this is the time, and Formosa the place, to draw it. If the Americans will persuade the Nationalists to withdraw from the off-shore islands, and if they will make an offer to submit the whole dispute to arbitration, we must make it quite clear to the Chinese that, should they reject that offer and try to settle the dispute by force, we shall certainly take our part in a United Nations war of defence.

R. L. KITCHING

Wetherby.

ROAD SAFETY

SIR,—Mr. MacKenzie in his article "Hendon Test" quotes the comparatively low road fatalities in New Jersey in support of the case for the compulsory inspection of cars. Impressive evidence in favour of this practice can be drawn from a much wider source. Fourteen of the American states impose an annual or bi-annual inspection of all vehicles registered in their territory. These number more than 14 million. The fatal accidents in those states, calculated on the basis of 100 million vehicle miles, is 20 per cent. less than in the others. Our own Road Research Laboratory estimates that in 20 per cent. of road accidents in this country a mechanical defect was a contributory cause. This estimate has been endorsed by the Ministry of Transport.

It is when we translate these figures into the actual number of casualties that they assume such importance. In 1954 5,000 people were killed in road accidents in Great Britain and 57,000 were seriously injured. Last year's figures will show a substantial increase. If, therefore, the effect of regular inspection of cars in this country were to prove the same as in the United States, at least 1,000 lives would be saved yearly, and 5,700 serious injuries avoided. Incidentally, of the lives saved, over 100 would be children under 12. Perhaps there are special conditions, although I do not know what they are, which would result in a lesser fall in accidents than the 20 per cent. experienced in America. But even if it were only 10 per cent., the saving of life and serious injuries would still be tremendous.

It is difficult to say what resources and manpower would be required to carry out an annual inspection of all vehicles in this country. We can, however, estimate the cost. In America the motorist is charged a sum varying between 50c. and $1 for each inspection. The Ministry of Transport has reckoned that a 10s. fee would cover the cost here. It might well be difficult to implement at one go an annual inspection of all cars. But there would be little difficulty in starting, say, with cars that are 10 years old or over, working up to a comprehensive system. And when we are considering the amount of money required to prevent the loss of so many lives each year, it is as well to remember what road accidents are at present costing the nation. On the basis of calculations made by the government actuary, and confirmed by an independent but equally responsible authority, this amounts to £150 million a year. At least 10 per cent. of this could be saved.

House of Commons. G. R. STRAUSS

LORD BEAVERBROOK

SIR,—I have become alarmed at your recent vitriolic attacks on Lord Beaverbrook and I wish to bring to your notice the sentiments prevalent in the land of his birth, where his talents are truly appreciated. The Mayor of Fredericton, New Brunswick, said in a citation while conferring the freedom of the city upon his lordship: "The pre-eminent position which you hold in the affairs of men is universally known. We are proud to honour one whose unselfish devotion to mankind in the hour of great trial will live as long as great deeds are recorded and preserved." The leading newspaper in the province, The *Daily Gleaner*, in a front page story on November 26 last year, declared: ". . . his life's achievements have enriched everyone who has been touched by them. In Canada, steel, cement, newsprint, public utilities are thriving industries which stand as testimonies to these qualities of his; in England, the greatest newspaper enterprise is likewise witness to his creative genius."

The same newspaper, two days later, published an eulogy to his lordship by a young Fredericton poetess, Molly Barry, which deserves to be quoted in full:—

To Lord Beaverbrook
(On the official opening of the Lady Beaverbrook Rink)

The truly great live on forever—
And he is great who loves his fellow men,
Who brings a smile to eyes of little children,
And warms the hearts of all with tongue and pen.

And such a man has been with us this day—
With all the crowd I waited for his coming;
Hundreds of childish ears were tuned to greet him,
As they would listen for a Father homing.

And then among the crowd there was rustling,
Like birds upon a sudden burst of spring
And all the stillness of the air was shattered
As childish voices made the rafters ring.

Tis sure they never will forget this day
When years of youth have far beyond them flown,
For they have seen a man whose kindly presence
Will live forever in the good that he has done.

Lest it be thought that the sentiments so nobly expressed by Miss Barry and others were actuated solely by the gift of an ice rink (the Lady Beaverbrook Rink) to the children of Fredericton, let it be remembered that his lordship has also given to the University of New Brunswick a gymnasium (Lady Beaverbrook Gymnasium), a hall of residence for men students (Lady Beaverbrook Residence), an addition to the library (Bonar Law-Bennett Library), and other gifts too numerous to mention. It is true hearts such as these, actuated by motives so pure, who alone can appreciate his lordship.

ALICE SETALWARD

BOOK CENSORSHIP

SIR,—Critic's timely warning of the dangers of indirect censorship could, I'm afraid, be spread even farther afield than printers' restrictions.

About 18 months ago I completed a novel dealing with contemporary life in London. Since it deals with various of the problems of today, religious and social, inversion does play a part in it. For this reason, so it would seem, it has been rejected by publisher after publisher. "Despite the excellence of your actual writing and the sensitivity you display in descriptive prose . . ."; ". . . ruined

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by the ending . . . the more logical ending would, however, I suppose almost certainly involve trouble with the police. . . ." "Our decision is more a matter of policy than a criticism of the writing, which we found very lively"; ". . . although our readers think highly of it they don't advise us to undertake its publication. In fact we don't feel you are likely to find a publisher who will produce it in this country, but there is a firm of publishers in Paris. . . ." The French publisher, I may add, returned it with the remark that it was well written "but far too discreet."

My friends, who are respectable citizens, have read the MS and say that it is no stronger than many novels they have bought or borrowed during the last ten years. Thus if it has some of the quality found in it by the publishers' readers, censorship by publishers is obviously spreading.

In conclusion I may add to Critic's note on the Wildeblood book, that as a bookseller I kept it in the window for the first five weeks of its life. But then I took the precaution of placing it next to one on the same subject by Judge Tudor Rees.

Banstead. MARTYN GOFF

AMATEUR SPORT

SIR,—Is it not time for the country as a whole to do much more to help the various governing bodies of amateur sport? At present most of them stagger from one financial crisis to another, and possibly only two—the Amateur Athletic Association and the British Horse Society—possess sufficient funds to develop properly.

In a few months we shall be reading about the performances of our oarsmen, weight-lifters, gymnasts, cyclists, basketball players, fencers, amateur boxers, swimmers, divers and others who, for the most part, will not stand a ghost of a chance at Melbourne. As a nation, of course, we shall explain the Olympic results away by claiming that the successful countries have things out of proportion!

In point of fact, however, our poor showing in these sports and in certain of the athletic field events will be due to the wretchedness of our facilities, especially those needed for the all-important winter training. It will be due, too, to the way in which the community as a whole is always content to leave matters to a few enthusiasts who dip deeply into their pockets year after year and devote astounding proportions of their time to helping our youth.

There is little concern for all this in parliament, I know, but to the people who sit there I would say this, "The only real way of defeating Communism is to produce something better and prove that it is so. This is as true of sport as anything else. With no more than reasonable financial help from the government (and without the autocratic control of sport which many fear) the various amateur sports associations in this country could put up a show really worthy of Britain in future Olympic Games. And, most important of all, such help would give millions of our young men and women a far greater measure of fun, enjoyment and real profit."

GOLD MEDAL

ELECTIONS AND ELECTORS

SIR,—I am sorry that, because of absence abroad, I have not had an opportunity of replying earlier to Mr. J. F. S. Ross's letter commenting on my brief review of his book.

His main complaint is that I had said that his charts and tables "go into such details as the number of Conservative women candidates defeated by Labour men in a straight fight, the number of Labour women defeated by Conservative men in a straight fight, the number of Labour women placed second and third in three-cornered constituencies (*sic*), and the proportion of 'man-woman partnerships in two-member constituencies'."

Such details, says Mr. Ross, "would, indeed, be trivialities, but they are just not there at all."

The descriptions I used were compressed in the interests of space. The charts I had in mind are, in fact, considerably more *recherché*, being as follows:

Fig. 12, *p.* 261: "Labour woman defeated by Conservative man: percentage of total vote received by woman candidate" set against the "percentage of electors who were women."

Fig. 13, *p.* 262: Similar details for a Conservative woman defeated by a Labour man.

Fig. 14, *p.* 263: "Labour woman defeated in triangular contest," distinguishing "Labour woman third" and "Labour woman second," showing the relationship between the percentage of the total vote received by women Labour candidates placed third, and those placed second, respectively, and the percentage of electors who were women.

Finally, *Fig.* 15, *p.* 264 distinguishes for a "man-woman partnership in a two-member constituency" between "woman leading" and "man leading," for pre-1928 and post-1928, relating the "voting lead" as a percentage of the total electors with the percentage of electors who were women. The reader may judge whether these particulars are not even more detailed than he would have deduced from the short summary I used in my review.

But it is Mr. Ross, not I, who used the word "trivialities." I do not consider them trivialities any more than I consider the majority of details in *Whitaker's Almanack*, the *Statesman's Year Book* or the *Monthly Digest of Statistics* to be trivialities. They are important details in what I described in my review as "a compendious work of reference, rather than a book designed to be read as literature." They certainly do not make the book more readable.

One last point. Mr. Ross is naturally correct when he says that his previous work was published 12 years ago, not seven. I was using the second edition, published in 1948. HAROLD WILSON

House of Commons.

CAPITALISM AND COAL

SIR,—Your correspondent, Mr. John Hughes, has not quoted me correctly in the first paragraph of his article about the National Coal Board's implementation of the Fleck Report. At the N.C.B. Summer School I said: "There is no fundamental difference in *the basic problems of* management in an undertaking, whether it is run by private enterprise or whether it is nationalized." He had omitted the words I have italicised. Further, at no time have I appealed for more technicians "from private business" to staff the coal industry.

National Coal Board, S.W.1. A. M. BRYAN

THE UNRECOGNISED

SIR,—Mr. Humphrey Brooke's letter appears slightly absurd. It is well known that, owing to the enormous number of works submitted, the Royal Academy selection committee has to consider paintings at the rate of 600 an hour, which hardly gives it time to recognise a portrait from a landscape, and certainly no time to recognise new or unusual talent. His pride in sales is that of the multiple store manager who, having overloaded his counters with goods, is gratified to find that sales have exceeded expectations. But, if it is really true that opportunities are restricted for exhibiting painting and sculpture in London, might not the Royal Academy appoint a small committee from its members and organise quarterly (one room) shows of work selected thoughtfully from artists' studios? DAVID CARR

Harleston, Norfolk.

J. B. S. HALDANE

SIR,—The following recollection may be worth mentioning as a supplement to "The Cuddly Cactus," your excellent sketch of J. B. S. Haldane. In War I with the Black Watch in Mesopotamia I used to go out on patrol. We were on the Tigris, a short line of trenches going out towards a marsh, from which both our trenches and the Turks' stopped short about a mile, so that there was scouting to be done there. The corporal with whom I went out had gone out with "Bomber Haldane" in France, where he was O.C. bombing. He said, "This is nothing compared to what we had to do with Mr. Haldane." J. B. S. Haldane, he said, would crawl up to the enemy barbed wire and rattle it to draw fire to know where to throw the Mills bombs. BRIAN LUNN

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BOOKS IN GENERAL *REASSESSMENTS*

The Young Prophet

The Orators, An English Study came out in 1932, when its author, Mr. W. H. Auden, was in his twenty-sixth year. It was his second important book (the first was the *Poems* of 1930). He thinks it, now, a failure. Judging by the highest standards, he may well be right, but I wish there were a poet of twenty-five who was likely to give us, this year, a failure equally exciting. The great and notable quality of the language, prose and verse, throughout *The Orators,* is energy. The verse can be as striking as this (the speaker is a beggar, one of the dispossessed of the classical world, feeling that "the barbarians may be some sort of solution"; he is also one of the dispossessed of liberal Europe, and growingly Fascist Europe, in the 1930s, looking wistfully towards a symbolic Russia):

> "Won't you speak louder?
> Have you heard of someone swifter than Syrian horses?
> Has he thrown the bully of Corinth in the sanded circle?
> Has he crossed the Isthmus already? is he seeking brilliant
> Athens and us?"

The prose can be as good as this, an image of the human spirit crucified by excessive self-love:

> With odd dark eyes like windows, a lair for engines, they pass suffering more and more from cataract or deafness, leaving behind them diaries full of incomprehensible jottings, complaints less heard than the creaking of a wind pump on a moor.

The book, of course, contains other passages that have worn less well. In the six odes at the end, in particular, there is too much of that scoutmasterish breeziness, the one aspect of Mr. Auden's complex poetic personality which I have never been able to stand:

> Queer to these birds; yes, very queer,
> But to the tryers such a dear,
> Only hard
> On smugging, smartness, and self regard . . .

Whether this is Dr. Arnold as God, or God as Dr. Arnold, it is equally hard to take. What may also annoy readers now, though it was very stimulating in 1932, is the insolently ostentatious privacy of many of the references:

> Of all the healers, granny in mittens, the Mop,
> the white surgeon,
> And loony Layard.

Mr. Layard, I discovered recently, is a Jungian psychologist who may have been the first to introduce the young Auden to Groddeck. Who or what "the Mop" was must remain a mystery till some thesis-manufacturer bothers to write to Mr. Auden and ask. But to a young reader in the early 1930s, these incidental obscurities did not seem to matter so much. The general drift seemed so clear.

Was it, though? If you had asked me what *The Orators* was "about", twenty-four years ago, when I was an undergraduate, I should have said it was about the decay of English energy and the need to renew that energy through insight and action; and that the action was envisaged, in the book, mainly as that of small groups—discontented sons of the ruling classes—of dedicated young men. That would have been correct, up to a point. But the interesting thing is this. In the 1930s, I took it for granted, as everyone did (and as Auden, with his description of himself as a "pink liberal" probably at a surface level also took for granted), that the implied politics were more or less Marxist. They seem to me now the politics of a romantic radical of the Right. What the airman, in the prose section which is the moral core of the book, "Journal of an Airman", dreams of is the renewed simplicity of a patriarchal order:

> The man shall love the work; the woman shall receive him as the divine representative; the child shall be born as the sign of the trust; the friend shall laugh at the joke apparently obscure.

Or, in the verse, even more strikingly:

> All of the women and most of the men
> Shall work with their hands and not think again . . .

These are not liberal or democratic sentiments. Manual therapy may be as good for a sick society as for a sick individual, but all the same these are the sentiments of idealistic Fascism. "All of the women . . .", also, does take one aback. And the bias behind the phrase is a recurrent one: "There is something peculiarly horrible about the idea of women pilots," and, "'What a wonderful woman she is!' Not so fast. Wait till you see her son."

The airman of the "Journal" feels, in fact, that what is valuable in his heritage comes from men. The dead Uncle, who initiated him into the meaning of life, is spiritually more truly his "ancestor" than his uncomprehending mother is. Auden works out this idea, with a diagram, in rather boring detail. But it is a key idea: one negative way of describing the atmosphere of his work throughout the 1930s is to say that the image of the Muse is absent except in the sinister transformed shape of the "terrible Mother." A mother-landscape image is sinisterly transformed in the prologue to *The Orators* itself. When the Hero returns from completing his task, the Muse who should welcome him has become (because he has subtly betrayed her) an ogress:

> And yet this prophet, homing the day is ended,
> Receives odd welcome from the country he so defended:
> The band roars "Coward, Coward," in his fever,
> The giantess shuffles nearer, cries "Deceiver."

For the poets of the 1930s, in fact, the Hero has ceased to be the Muse's lover, he has become her competitor. Similarly it was not the female image of Nature ("By landscape reminded once of his mother's figure") that interested them so much as the male use of nature, the ruined power-houses, the hangars, the pylons.

So, if I were asked now what I thought *The Orators* is "about", I should say something like this. It is about romantic male solidarity, about the idea of being initiated into the group of young braves of the tribe. Or, to take another image, it is about knightliness ("airman" equals "cavalier"). In England, the ordinary working-class or lower-middle-class young man gets such an initiation into an all-male society only when there is a World War. The upper middle classes and the aristocracy get it all the time from the public-school tradition, from compulsory games, for instance, the prefect system, and the O.T.C. Baden-Powell tried to give it to everybody, or to a much wider section of the population, through the Boy Scouts. These are the reasons why the first book of *The Orators* is called "The Initiates", why it begins with a parody of a school prize-giving speech, and why in the odes one is sometimes reminded (not so incongruously as might at first appear) of Kipling or Newbolt:

> Time to change guard:
> Boy, the quarrel was before your time, the aggressor
> No one you know.

Moreover, *The Orators* is not only about romantic male solidarity in general; more particularly, it is about the fantasies of power and the daydreams of violent social change which this solidarity can evoke, in periods of decay, among gifted and discontented young men. Auden is certainly imaginatively attracted, in many passages of *The Orators,* to a mood that can engender Fascism; but the great moral distinction of the book is how he steps back on his tracks. In "Journal of an Airman" he in the end undermines, with ruthless insight, his own fantasies.

That ruthless insight lies behind such a passage as this:

> In hours of gentleness always to remember my Uncle, the connection between the last desperate appeals of the lost for help scribbled on the walls of public latrines and such a letter as this.

There is a less compressed, but very moving, passage in which the "I" of the "Journal" has a long conversation with an imaginary critic who asks him what conceivable general interest an accumulation of private fantasies and allusions, a myth and an ethos derived from the shared experiences of the "small group", can have. Desperately trying to convey "the interest", all the "I" can do is to recall private jokes, give lists of names of friends, sketch out obscurely a traumatic experience. His interlocutor replies inexorably: "Yes, but the interest?" It is partly the same sort of "interest" as that of the "Mortmere" world, the world of small-group folklore, described by Isherwood in *Lions and Shadows.* To a wider audience, much of "the interest", in this sense, *must* remain incommunicable; but is the very *existence* of this "interest"—a severe critic of Mr. Auden, like Dr. Leavis, would tend to say so—merely a small group's self-flattering delusion?

The "I" of "Journal of an Airman" moves on from such self-questionings to hysterical (though also hysterically funny) fantasies about violent revolution. He has already sketched out, with paranoiac wit, as the opposite of the "airman" with his "self-care", the many faces of the "self-regard" of the "enemy":

Three kinds of enemy face—the June bride—
the favourite puss—the stone in the rain.

It is the enemy's "self-regard" which introduces "inert velocities" into what would otherwise be a self-regulating system. But at the end the "I" recognizes that these are "thoughts suitable to a sanatorium." He recovers humility. He is suddenly able to relate his humiliating kleptomania, his compulsive pocketing of small objects, to the element of grossness—of self-flattery, blindness, and brutality—in his fantasies. His hands "stole to force a hearing." He realises also (to put it more simply and flatly than Auden does) that "the enemy" is essentially a projection of his own unconscious inner aggressiveness, his will to dominate. He breaks off a relationship which he values, because he feels that God must disapprove of it. He faces calmly some ordeal he has to face (in view of the sinister "Letter to a Wound" in an earlier section, and of the many scattered references to surgery throughout *The Orators*, it may be an operation). The last entry is: "Hands in perfect order."

It is disturbing, however, in the six odes which follow "Journal of an Airman", that Auden still often seems to be functioning at the level of the airman's fantasies rather than his insights. There is a strange effect of double focus, insight mounted on fantasy. Nothing could be more effective than some of the hard-hitting satire, rather Skeltonic in tone, on well-known iniquities of the early Thirties; but all this is set in a framework of a world that is to be made over by Rex, Christopher, Stephen, loony Layard, and the rest of "the boys"—in the framework of an inanely complacent vision of a revolution working from the top down, engineered by an élite. There is not really that sentimentalisation of the working classes of which the poets of the 1930s are sometimes accused:

> Dyers and bakers
> And boiler-tube makers,
> Poofs and ponces,
> All of them dunces.
> Those over thirty,
> Ugly and dirty . . .

One would say that Auden didn't trust or respect the common people enough. And to make two sharp observations: it was the "Dyers and bakers/And boiler-tube makers", not Rex or Wystan, who at El Alamein in 1942 did in fact "throw the bully of Corinth in the sanded circle"; it was the people who ought to "work on the land and not think again", not Christopher or Stephen, who brought about the profoundly important peaceful social revolution of 1945. Yet if Auden's solutions were often fantastic, his eye for the problem was unerring: "What do you think about England, this country of ours where nobody is well?" And he was right to seek the roots of that illness in misdirected and inadequate love, in the wrong use of the spirit. He was right, also, to harangue and clamour. In the sort of detailed social remedies it suggests, *The Orators* may be as far off the mark as Carlyle's *Past and Present*. But like that book it stirred the consciences of intelligent young men in a bad time. That, in modern times, is what we expect a prophet to do.

G. S. FRASER

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HEINEMANN

Waltzing Matilda

The Journals of Captain James Cook. Vol. I. *Cambridge.* 80*s.* With a Portfolio of Charts and Views. 50*s.*

The Journals of Captain Cook, printed faithfully from the manuscripts written in his own hand, have waited long for a publisher; and so, too, have many of his original charts and views. It seems inexplicable at first sight. Exploration is one of our primary instincts; and maps are the essence of exploration. Which of us has not felt the very magic of Elizabethan seafaring, in the moment when Salvation Yeo, at home in Devon, pulled out the horn engraved with the charts of the New World, from which he had just returned? Which of us but has caught his breath in envy, when Yeo offers this treasure beyond the price of kings, as a gift to young Amyas Leigh? Yet the Elizabethans were, after all, only treading in the footsteps of the Spaniards. In these Journals a greater geographer is at work, making newer discoveries. Why only today a full Edition? Why this comparative neglect?

There are several reasons. The first, without doubt, is that the human race has only so much capacity for wonder on any given subject. When that has been exhausted, as it was in the discovery of a whole new world on the other side of the Atlantic, mankind simply yawns at further marvels. Next, the new facts which Captain Cook, amongst others, brought to light, did not correspond to any accepted ideas. He proved, for example, by dint of sheer sailing, that there was no great Southern continent to "balance" the Northern land-mass. A totally new conception had to emerge, that of the watery hemisphere. The butt-end of Africa between the Atlantic and the Indian Oceans had long been located and passed. The curved tip of South America, it was found, ran out into the midst of a vast desolate space of tempest-tossed water.

But beyond the archipelagoes of the Pacific islands, it was confidently assumed that another great continent must exist. When Captain Cook returned from his first Southern voyage, this had been disproved, once for all. There was the semi-continent of Australia. There were the two islands of New Zealand. There was nothing else, till you reached the barren Antarctic ice. All this upset people very much.

And lastly, there was the resolute avoidance of emphasis which has been a cardinal feature of Australian affairs, aboriginal or immigrant, since the earliest days. What other people would have consecrated *Waltzing Matilda* as their war song? What other people, having driven a highway from South to North across thousands of miles of desert, linking the temperate zone with the tropics, would stubbornly refuse to refer to it by any other name than "the Bitumen"? This quality hangs about even so great a story as that of Captain Cook like an exhalation. It inevitably damps down glory.

Even in the very freshness of the discoveries, John Wesley, for example, sat down to read the Voyages "with huge expectation." "But," says he, "how was I disappointed." The facts as reported carried no conviction to his mind; and his verdict was "I cannot but rank this narrative with that of Robinson Crusoe." As for Horace Walpole, he dismissed the three volumes of Hawkesworth's edition (the first) as "at best an account of the fishermen on the coasts of forty islands." Such is the fate of pioneers who proffer to men information to which they are opposed.

Dr. J. C. Beaglehole sets out to remedy this neglect. Himself a New Zealander, he is naturally fascinated by the work of the virtual discoverer of his country. Patronage by the New Zealand Government, and by the Pilgrim Trust, and by generous private donors, has made possible this edition on a sumptuous scale. The separate portfolio of fifty-eight charts and views, covering all the three voyages, is superb. The Hakluyt Society has sponsored the production, the Cambridge University Press has published it, the University Press, Glasgow, has printed it. It is a monument of devotion and scholarship.

This volume covers the voyage of the *Endeavour,* from 1768 to 1771. The frontispiece is the portrait of Captain Cook by Nathanial Dance, from the National Maritime Museum at Greenwich. This portrait resembles Field-Marshal Montgomery so closely as to make one believe in re-incarnation. This resemblance provides a key to the whole of Cook's life. The circumstances of the two men were widely different; but their characters provide a close parallel: their patience, their thoroughness; above all, their care for their men, the foundation of their greatness.

James Cook was a man of humble birth and meagre education. He was apprenticed, first to a haberdasher and then to certain Whitby shipowners engaged in the coasting and Baltic trade. He was already 27 when he joined the Royal Navy—and as an able seaman! At 40 he was only a lieutenant. He was given the *Endeavour,* a 360-ton, bluff-bowed, typical Whitby collier. Cook was to take her to the South Seas, carrying an expedition to observe the transit of Venus. The voyage out, from Britain to Tahiti, and the observation of Venus, took a year. Thereupon Cook circumnavigated New Zealand for the first time. He went on to Australia. He surveyed its eastern coasts. He took possession of them in the name of Great Britain. He returned home. It was all in the day's work.

No special furore greeted his return. He was promoted to Commander, given another ship, and sent forth to locate and map the ice-bound coasts of the Antarctic. He did so; charted them; returned three years later. His care of his crews was such that he had only lost one man—and this in the hey-dey of scurvy. He was promoted to Captain, and sent off a third time; on this occasion to discover the North-West Passage, from the Pacific end. He reached the Behring Straits; returned from there to the South Seas; and was killed in a squabble with some natives in Hawaii.

His gigantic journeyings are in themselves a reason for their neglect. Page after page, volume after volume, shelf after shelf, is filled by the labours of this methodical, indefatigable, humane, unshockable individual. As his biographer says, an everyday and inglorious Cook is quite conceivable. Yet when his chance came, he stepped forward as one of the greatest navigators, and maritime explorers, of a nation of navigators. He was one of the experimentalists, the men who amass the facts, without which the most far-reaching hypotheses of the mathematicians are valueless. Patiently, steadily, he put the dreams of the cartographers to the proof. Quite incidentally he founded empires. This Whitby ex-apprentice haberdasher, sailing a Whitby ex-collier, packed into these immense pedestrian volumes yet another new world, for anyone who cared to go and get it. And, in spite of John Wesley, in spite of Horace Walpole, there were those who listened.

Once a jolly swagman sat by a billabong. . . .
And he sang as he sat, and waited till his billy boiled
Who'll come a-waltzing Matilda, with me?

Cook was the Pied Piper of the swagmen. They are a mighty army, when they get on the move.

WALTER ELLIOT

Uncrowned King

Czartoryski and European Unity, 1770-1861. By M. KUKIEL. *Oxford, for Princeton.* 40*s.*

Prince Adam Czartoryski spanned the most tragic years of Poland's history. He was born just before the first Partition; and he died just before the second Revolt. In the long period between he had come to incorporate Poland, first as the advocate of her claims with Tsar Alexander I, then as the uncrowned King of Poland in exile. His life is an essential part of European history in the nineteenth century; and it is surprising that it has not been written before. General Kukiel, himself a Polish exile of the present generation, has produced a most scholarly book, derived from Polish sources and from his own research. His English, though impeccable, is the faultless English of a foreigner; and the reader may be a little discouraged by its careful modulation. Moreover, despite its unwavering impartiality, the book naturally judges Europe from the angle of Poland; and many problems had a different look when seen from London, Paris, or even St. Petersburg. Nevertheless, this is an addition to historical scholarship of the highest importance, one which no one interested in the period can afford to neglect.

The title is perhaps misleading. Czartoryski was an indefatigable projector of schemes for a Europe ordered on a basis of free nations; but one cannot resist the suspicion that the main purpose of these schemes was the freedom of Poland. This too is what we want to hear about. The fascination of Czartoryski's career is that he tried to achieve the freedom of Poland both ways round—first by co-operation with Russia and later by action against her. He was the boyhood companion of Alexander I; and he remained faithful to Russia throughout the Napoleonic wars. The plan which Alexander I produced at the congress of Vienna for a kingdom of Poland with himself as sovereign was essentially Czartoryski's plan. When Metternich and Castlereagh resisted this plan, they were not defending Poland; they were seeking its partition—a point obscured in most English accounts. We also go wrong in failing to realise that Alexander got most of his way. Congress Poland was a genuine state with the freest constitution on the continent. It is worth close examination as the greatest experiment in co-operation between Russia and Poland. Why did it fail? The answer is simple and tragic. Alexander I and Czartoryski were the only men who believed in it. The Poles wanted to estab-

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lish complete independence and to recover "the borderlands"; the Russian officials resented the concessions to Poland. Alexander was already retreating from these concessions before his death in 1825; and with Nicholas I on the throne open conflict was inevitable.

It came in 1830. Czartoryski became head of the Provisional Government; and once in exile he was king in all but name. His attempts to secure British and French intervention were a sad prelude to the desertion of Poland in our own day. They were also of contemporary importance in turning Radical hostility away from the previous bugbear, Austria, and against Russia. This hostility was ultimately a vital factor in producing the Crimean war. Here again we have a foretaste of the present, with the allies recruiting a Polish legion and yet shrinking from raising the question of Poland when they arrived at the peace congress. Under Alexander II there was a renewed flutter of friendship with Russia. This ended two years after Czartoryski's death in the second revolt and the crushing of Poland for more than half a century. Czartoryski was the noblest of the liberal revolutionaries. His tragedy sprang from the dilemma which still faces Poland. She can be free only with Russian friendship; yet this seems impossible to achieve.

A. J. P. TAYLOR

Exit Mr. Price and the Poltergeist

The Haunting of Borley Rectory. By ERIC J. DINGWALL, KATHLEEN M. GOLDNEY and TREVOR H. HALL. *Duckworth.* 16*s.*

After the demoting of the Piltdown skull and the Wise first editions comes the dissolution of the Borley ghosts. Their fate is not unexpected, for it has been widely known for some years that serious allegations against the good faith of the enigmatic Harry Price, author of the best-selling *Most Haunted House in England* and *The End of Borley Rectory* had induced the Society for Psychical Research to depute three of their most experienced members to make a full inquiry into all the circumstances of the haunting. Their adverse report, to which it is difficult to see an answer, is all the more devastating for its judicial temper and tactful handling of tricky personal issues. Unending patience and diligence have been required, for the Borley saga covers nearly ninety years and a unique range of supposed paranormal manifestations, this in itself being a source of suspicion to the expert. (Poltergeists, naturally vain of their special power of moving material objects, do not commonly associate with mere apparitions.) The task of investigation would have been quite impossible if the authors had not been given access to a vast mass of unpublished documents from Harry Price's own papers and from the files of the S.P.R. Interviews with witnesses quoted by Price gave an amusing sidelight on the difficulties of professional historians, for even when they were obviously anxious to be helpful they often showed an astonishing change of front coupled with complete amnesia about their previous statements.

It will be recalled that Borley Rectory was a big gloomy house in a remote part of Essex, built by a Victorian squire-parson named Bull to accommodate his fourteen children. During the 65 years he and his son occupied the living, an apparition of a nun was seen in the garden and vague legends of a walled-up nun and a phantom coach became current in the neighbourhood. A striking point made by the authors is that until Harry Price set foot in the Rectory in 1929, during the incumbency of the Rev. G. Eric-Smith, nothing abnormal had been noticed inside the building. The most violent and varied manifestations occurred, however, in the time of the next rector, an elderly Mr. Lionel Foyster, and centred round his young and attractive wife—attractive to others beside poltergeists—who seems more like a creation of Mr. Somerset Maugham than of the Almighty. As neighbours and investigators were uncharitable enough to suggest bluntly that Marianne Foyster was responsible for the mysterious bell-ringing, bottle-throwing and wall-writing and so on, it is very illuminating to learn for the first time that the Foysters' last parish had been within five miles of the Nova Scotian village which was once the scene of a famous nineteenth-century poltergeist case, "the great Amherst mystery," with very similar manifestations.

The charges which ultimately take shape against Price cover not only his presentation of the evidence but his personal conduct in the investigations. One looks first for an explanation of the impressive cloud of independent witnesses whose testimonies persuaded me, and many of my betters, that in spite of obvious absurdities, some of these paranormal phenomena were probably genuine. The report shows that from first to last Price was exploiting his high reputation as a serious investigator to cover the haphazard collection of sensational material for publicity purposes. The corps of so-called "investigators" were, with a few notable exceptions, untrained in the necessary techniques, unsupervised, but subjected to powerful suggestions as to what they were expected to see. The famous wall-writings on which so much turned were not only left unguarded, uncatalogued, but were actually touched up by Price himself. It was equally discreditable that although he admitted freely to such slight acquaintances as this reviewer that he took the darkest view of the romantic Mrs. Foyster and her activities, he gave his readers a totally different impression. Again, long after he had learnt that there had never been a religious house in Borley, he continued to give currency to the eloping nun story until *The Times* printed a letter of mine pointing out that coaches were unknown in England until after nuns were banished—and nuns were never walled up, anyway. Fortunately for Price, another murdered nun (one Maire Lairre) opportunely revealed herself through a planchette, and her fantastic story led to the sensational discovery of a female skull (complete with dental abscess!) in the Borley ruins, in circumstances now shown to be very suspicious.

How far was Harry Price ready to go in the actual manufacture of evidence to support a hoax? Two episodes here recorded (one for the first time) show a capacity for sublime impudence. A reporter of the *Daily Mail*, Mr. Charles Sutton, claims that he caught Price at an early visit to Borley in the act of throwing a pebble, and more bricks and pebbles were found in his pockets: a story his editor, on legal advice, considered too hot to handle. The second episode concerns an amazing photograph, printed in *The End of Borley Rectory*, of a brick flying in transit across the courtyard, and described by the author as having been taken by a photographer from *Life* in the presence of a woman member of the staff. "If, indeed, it was a genuine paranormal phenomenon then we have the first photograph ever taken of a poltergeist projectile in flight." To Dr. Dingwall of the S.P.R. he solemnly guaranteed "no trickery," underlined four times. The fact was that to the knowledge of all three observers the bricks were being thrown across the yard by a bricklayer engaged in demolishing a wall. One feels that, like Christopher Columbus, Harry Price went too far.

The authors rightly claim that the frauds they have revealed are likely to do incalculable harm to serious psychical research, one of the gateways to a better understanding of the relationship between mind and matter. As to Harry Price himself, nothing can affect the value of his unique contribution to the investigation of mediumship, of "spirit" photography and certain other branches of psychical research. This odd character was gifted with remarkable mechanical skill and unquenchable energy, but he always struck me as tone deaf to the deeper implications of the mysteries to which he had devoted his life, and completely unscientific in outlook. He was never

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Was there anything there?

The Haunting of Borley Rectory

by

ERIC J. DINGWALL, KATHLEEN M. GOLDNEY, *and* TREVOR H. HALL

This book is the result of a critical enquiry made by its three authors at the instance of the Society for Psychical Research. The alleged hauntings at Borley, from 1900 to the present day (the Rectory was gutted by fire in 1939) constitute the most fully documented and widely publicised case of its kind anywhere in the world in recent years. The S.P.R. enquiry passes the documents and the motives of all the persons involved under the most exacting scrutiny and with the aid of personal interviews leads step by step to conclusions quite different from those of all other literature on the subject. It is a real-life detective story of a unique kind.

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on happy terms with the S.P.R., partly because a childish vanity drove him to make unjustifiable demands for recognition, and partly because his colleagues became increasingly distrustful of his judgment, if not of his integrity. The long-drawn-out hoax now exposed in this entertaining volume—and possibly others still only suspected—may well be due to Price's desire to seek a compensatory popular triumph and to avenge himself on unappreciative colleagues. Let kindly, puzzled old Mrs. Eric-Smith have the last word:

> I believe Mr. Price must now (*i.e.*, since his death) recognise the harm he produced by adding to all the absurd rumours and getting so much publicity for silly tales, and I feel he must now want it to stop, and that I may bring rest to him by helping to bring this about.
> She may be right, at that.

LETITIA FAIRFIELD

Polite Salvation

Pope's *Dunciad*. By AUBREY L. WILLIAMS. *Methuen.* 18*s*.

Whether rightly or wrongly, the Augustans saw morals and polite accomplishment as in the closest correspondence. The Deity Himself was a highly cultivated Being, and Heaven a sort of Chatsworth or Stowe, in which all the appointments might be relied upon to display a taste wholly elegant, rational and refined. Character was the product of a liberal education—which meant the best Latin writers—and a poor judge of poetry was unlikely to make a good senator. The *Dunciad* is one of the grand products of this persuasion—for, says Mr. Williams, "the fundamental procedure in that poem is the use of artistic deterioration as the metaphor by which bigger deteriorations are revealed." Of these deteriorations the dunces themselves were convinced; and one of the most egregious of them, Welsted, found no difficulty in squaring his own sweeping panegyrics upon the Hanoverians with the sense of a

> conjuncture, in which I know not what black clouds seem to lower over arts and sciences, when men are daily falling from all sense of politeness, and an almost universal depravation of taste is spread through the kingdom.

We cannot be confident that Pope himself very genuinely believed England to be on the verge of a cultural breakdown. But the apprehension offered wonderful scope for satire, and he put all his genius into exploiting it for the purpose of sinking his enemies into ridicule and contempt.

These enemies belonged—or so it could be represented—to that city and commercial society whose rising power threatened the surviving aristocratic culture centred in Westminster and the court. The only genuine progress which the *Dunciad* exhibits is a representation of this menace: the action of the poem being, according to Pope, "the Removal of the imperial seat of Dulness from the City to the polite world; as that of the Aeneid is the Removal of the empire of *Troy* to *Latium*." Mr. Williams is not much occupied with the social history lying behind Pope's assumption; his main concern is to emphasise the structural importance for the poem of the specific mock-heroic parallel. Where the later two books of the *Dunciad* pile up much ingenious parody of miscellaneous epic episodes, the first selects rigorously in order to convey an echo of the whole action of Virgil's poem, which is simply the fall of one state and the rise of another. Lewis Theobald as the new Aeneas—

> the first who brings
> The Smithfield Muses to the Ear of Kings—

is described in language regularly recalling Dryden's *Aeneid*, and a close study of the language and imagery of both poems reveals how much Pope is concerned to enforce and embellish his central idea. Such a study Mr. Williams shows himself very well qualified to undertake. His exploration of both the Virgilian and the Miltonic backgrounds of the satire might indeed be reported upon in fewer words than he has allowed himself. But there can be no doubt that he has largely illuminated the famous journey from King Street to St. Mary le Strand.

J. I. M. STEWART

Vingt Ans Après

The Literary Situation. By MALCOLM COWLEY. *Deutsch.* 18*s*.

A reviewer (who happened to be discussing Stephen Spender) recently made a comment about "living in the present rather than in the contemporary situation." How hard it is to write well about either. As a literary theme the present day, or the recent present, tends to become a Mrs. Dale's diary of unpaid bills, unmade beds, deadlines, gossip and charivari. The contemporary situation, on the other hand, encourages the author to mistake coteries for grand patterns of the *Zeitgeist* and to discover hidden significances everywhere.

Mr. Malcolm Cowley has on the whole preferred to live in the present, though as an intelligent man he has striven to keep the place tidy. Twenty years ago, in *Exile's Return*, he produced a remarkably interesting account of what it felt like to be a young American writer who, after the 1914 war, lived in Europe and along with many other Americans mingled with the *avant-garde*. He wrote autobiographically, yet managed to say something valuable about the whole problem of expatriation—a problem for Turgenev and Dostoievsky no less than for the Harry Crosbys and Harold Stearnses.

His new book tries to do the same for the current generation of American writers, telling what kinds of books they turn out, where they live, on what odd jobs they subsist, what the publishing industry is like and so on. I intend no disparagement in describing the Mr. Cowley of 1955 as a middleman of letters. The dust-jacket refers to him, accurately, as a "critic, teacher, lecturer, editor and poet". He is the friend of many writers; he has been an instructor at summer conferences and has conducted courses in "creative writing", maintaining a genial scepticism in the face of them; and he has evidently read hundreds of manuscripts, so that he is familiar with the underwater aspect of the publishers' iceberg. In all these ways he is admirably qualified to speak for American writers—or at any rate for novelists: he does not say much about poets and dramatists. Indeed, this is in some respects a worthy successor to *Exile's Return*. It is, one keeps thinking, the inside story, as seen by a witty, alert participant. The report on American paper-back publishing is, for example, shrewd as well as highly entertaining.

Yet somehow it is not the whole story, nor an entirely coherent one. Part of the trouble lies in the fact that up-to-dateness dates so quickly. On paper-backs, for instance, the recent ventures of Doubleday, Knopf and other publishers have greatly altered (and improved) the picture. Again, while the various chapters have a rough unity of theme they come at it too disjointedly and miscellaneously. A more serious trouble has to do with what one might, by mauling a well-known phrase, call a dissociation of sensibility in Mr. Cowley. In *Exile's Return* he *was* the kind of young intellectual wanderer he wrote about. Now he is installed, a middle-aged professional, the contemporary of Hemingway and Faulkner though he has not achieved their eminence. In consequence, when he talks about the Writer in unspecified terms he is apt to portray a slightly battered individual, past forty, who knows the ropes because he has been pushed up against them at times: who is all too naturally liable on occasion to blur the distinction between literature as a difficult art and literature as an underpaid activity.

When he comes down to individual cases, as in his chapters on the war-novelists and the youngsters of the Truman Capote—Frederick Buechner vintage, he is dealing with another type

altogether. These are, he complains, too modishly concerned with sin, too Jamesian in style, too much aware of what the more sophisticated critics expect of them. He may well be right. There is a lot to be said for his "three anti-slogans for the next period in American writing":

> If it isn't real, it isn't a symbol.
> If it isn't a story, it isn't a myth.
> If a character doesn't live, he can't be an archetype of American life.

But Mr. Cowley's fictional-autobiographical approach does not work properly for these younger men. His earlier book was lyrical for all its lightness of touch ("Following the dollar . . . by Alpine lakes as blue as aniline blue, by lakes as green as a bottle of green ink, with ink-stained mountains rising on either hand, I dipped my fingers in the lake and wrote . . ."). Now, he reserves most of his feeling for his own generation, with the result that his observations on the younger men, or on the New Critics, are a little flip. Perhaps they deserve the treatment. Perhaps, as he suggests, they could not be otherwise, now that the revolution is so long over. Still, literary generations are always unfair to one another; and if Mr. Cowley is not exactly gruntled with the latest one, he is not horridly disgruntled either. Until the unlikely perfect book on the subject arrives, this is a handy and readable next-best thing.

JASON FALKNER

Charm School

The Best of Friends. Further Letters to Sydney Carlyle Cockerell. Selected and edited by VIOLA MEYNELL. *Hart-Davis.* 25*s.*

At the age of 89 Sir Sydney Cockerell has become almost a tutelary being, the heroic guardian of friendship and the fine arts. In this year of grace there is bound to be something legendary about a human being who corresponded with Ruskin, was secretary to Morris and Wilfrid Scawen Blunt, visited Ouida in Florence and Tolstoi at Yasnaya Polyana, and whose friendship with Hardy survived his persuading the great man not to wax his moustache.

An earlier collection of letters charted Sir Sydney's association with these Titans. In this second volume Miss Meynell presents us with a selection of his junior correspondents, ranging from Bernard Shaw to Sub-Lt. Alec Guinness, R.N., writing from H.M.S. *Phœnicia,* care of the Fleet Mail Office, Malta.

The reader's first feeling is that Sir Sydney has been blessed in his friends. These letters are remarkable for their richness and variety. Max on the Rossettis, de la Mare on *Seaton's Aunt,* Belloc praising God for preserving Sussex from the townees, G.B.S. being brilliantly philistine about Ravenna—the opening fifty pages, in which Sir Sydney's friends play themselves in, are as quotable as anything of the kind that we shall read this year. What other museum director can boast of having received the cultural accolade from Berenson *and* an invitation from the Master of Trinity to join himself to the amenities of the High Table. The first, writing rather in the style of God to a trusty and well-beloved missionary bishop, declares:

> When I realise what this museum [the Fitzwilliam] was when you took it in hand, I can say that your achievement is one of the most remarkable in our fields. Out of a rather squalid array of miscellanies you have made one of the best-lighted, most pleasantly arrayed and agreeably displayed collections of things worth-while that I have seen anywhere.

My own favourites among Sir Sydney's correspondents are Miss Freya Stark and Mr. Gufnness—the one for her descriptive wit and tearing high spirits, the other for his modesty, intelligence (rare to find an actor who is both literate and a success at his job) and for a certain *disponible* sense of the comic in which we may flatter ourselves that we recognise the traits that immortalised *Kind Hearts and Coronets.* Miss Stark, as

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EFFECTS OF CREDIT RESTRAINT POLICY

LORD ALDENHAM'S VIEWS

The Annual General Meeting of Westminster Bank Limited will be held on February 15, at the Head Office, 41, Lothbury, London, E.C.2. In the course of his statement, which has been circulated to shareholders with the Report and Accounts, the Chairman, Lord Aldenham, said:—

It is with deep regret that I refer to the death in April last of the Hon. Rupert E. Beckett, for twenty years Chairman of this bank.

The principal factor in the continued growth of our overhead expenses during 1955 was the improvement in the remuneration of staff at all levels. Otherwise we have been able to keep the rise in our general expenses to a modest figure.

You will see from the balance sheet the extent of the deficiency in the market value of our holdings of British Government securities. We have made substantial allocations to our Published and Inner Reserves, while at the same time maintaining our dividend on the "B" shares at 4s. per share. Since we had decided not to use Inner Reserves to write down the value of our investments, it seemed prudent to add £1 million to Published Reserve.

The total of Current, Deposit and Other Accounts has fallen by nearly £65 million during 1955. To a great extent this reflects the monetary and credit policies introduced by the Government.

At the end of each year we naturally think back on the two questions of whether or not we are nearer to peace, and whether or not we are nearer to economic stability in this country.

Our hopes that we were at last beginning to see a better understanding between nations were disappointed in the closing months of 1955, but I do not think that war has thereby been brought nearer. We are facing a new phase of the cold war, and it is likely to try our patience sorely.

THE CREDIT SQUEEZE

The outstanding feature during 1955 for the banks and for every business in the country was the policy of credit restraint from February until July, and of actual credit squeeze since July, which still continues. It has been a most unpleasant policy both for our customers and for ourselves. But in the long run it pays all of us to see this country getting back to a sound position again, and one of the measures necessary to effect this was, and is, the credit squeeze. The banks therefore all agreed to accept the Government's request that this restraint, and later this squeeze, should be enforced.

The effect of the period of restraint, February-July, 1955, has been underestimated; total advances rose considerably, but would certainly have risen much faster in the conditions then prevailing but for this restraint.

The squeeze still continues, and in the period August-November total advances of the British Bankers' Association fell by 10.6 per cent. Public Utility borrowing from the banks was brought down sharply by two funding operations, but the average fall in all other classes, though less in proportion, was "positive and significant."

I must record my thanks for the sympathetic understanding of our difficult position which our customers have shown to us during the squeeze; this does great credit to their fair-mindedness in very irksome circumstances and great credit also to the way in which our branch managers have carried out this invidious task.

IMPORTS AND RESERVES

A very important reason why we must restrain inflation is that it is necessary for this country to achieve a proper balance between imports and exports, and it would seem most desirable to continue the monetary measures designed to limit our power to buy non-essentials, rather than use tariffs or import quotas.

With so many signs of apparent prosperity in the country, it may be asked why it should be necessary to apply any check. Perhaps the most convincing short answer is that in this one year, 1955, we used up more than one-fifth of the whole of our gold and dollar reserves.

One of the most important factors contributing to this loss of reserves in 1955 was the increase in imports into this country. A part of these increased imports consisted of steel and other materials needed to ease the shortages caused by our efforts to improve our factories and their equipment without sacrificing anything else. These improvements will stand us in good stead in the future in an increasingly competitive world.

For all our sakes we ought to insist that the modernisation and re-equipment of our factories and of our agriculture should go on apace, but to insist also that it should be done out of some small immediate self denial, and not at the expense of our reserves.

The upward trend of personal savings has slowed down during 1955, in so far as the official figures for "small savings" can be taken as a guide to the total; indeed during the last half of the year withdrawals from national savings exceeded new saving. The failure to save, from whatever cause it arises, throws away a powerful weapon by which the people could maintain the value of their own pound.

COAL SITUATION

A large contributing factor to our present difficulties has been the coal situation: fixed investment in improving our mines has continued at the high rate of over £80 million per annum, yet much greater quantities of coal have had to be imported at high cost—probably £80 million worth, and much of it in dollars.

We cannot be at all sure that the improvement in exports will continue at the same rate during 1956. Our programme of coal exports has had to be curtailed, thus inflicting damage on some of our good European customers. The economy of two other of our best customers, Australia and New Zealand, got out of balance, and their imports from us have had to be restricted. Moreover the competition for world export markets increased; encouraging features of the year have been the growth in our production of steel and the rapid gain in export markets by our aircraft, by our chemicals, and by our machinery.

The cement industry has given a fine lead, and others have followed, in resisting the present-day tendency to pass on to the consumer any rises in wages and costs. Stiffer resistance by the consumers themselves to this tendency would have a doubly good effect in checking immediate personal consumption and in checking those rises.

WAGES AND PROFITS

A key problem of 1956 is whether wages and profits will rise faster than production. If they do, the price spiral will be given another twist, and we shall be in real danger of being unable to compete in export markets.

We have been told on excellent authority that we may hope to double our standard of living within 25 years; but surely the immediate problem is so to increase our efficiency in all spheres of production that we can be sure of maintaining our present standards without raiding our exiguous reserves. In our hurry during 1955 to modernise our factories and to enjoy at the same time a higher standard of living, we have been brought face to face with the old proverb "More haste, less speed."

With the Government, the employers, the trade unions, and with every housewife in the country anxious to see the pound maintained in value, we can surely bring that about by self-discipline.

always, astonishes. Whether tumbling off her Vespa or recording our withdrawal from India from the vantage-point of Viceregal Lodge, she is magnificent. Her description of a bull-fight is a standing lesson to all those aspiring Hemingway-fakers who believe that tauromachy can only be written about in an assumed tone of hard-boiled tenderness.

As a collection, these letters are superb. Yet somewhere about page 100 a small but pertinacious doubt insinuates itself. What charmers Sir Sydney's letter-writers all are! What bags of charm, what oodles of it, they have assembled. Such an amount of the stuff has surely never been put between the covers of a book before? Never a rudeness, never a hasty moment, never a cross word. The only sign of temper betrayed in this whole tract of time—it extends from "Q" in Fowey, 1900, to Miss Stark attending a performance of *Hippolytus* in Greece two Augusts ago—is when Sir Sydney himself trounces poor Theodore Watts-Dunton back in 1911 for his "dog-in-the-manger" policy of withholding Swinburne's letters.

One can imagine an intelligent Frenchman reading this book with mounting suspicion. ("Ah yes, one sees *Les Anglais* are up to their usual game of substituting charm for intelligence.") Mr. Siegfried Sassoon smugly patting himself on the back for not being a cultural bounder ("I suppose I am the only well-known writer who hasn't seen a film since 1936"), Mr. T. H. White showing off his broguey Irishness with the air of a man trying on a paper hat—such antics, practised by artists and men of intelligence, are unamusing. There is far too much woolly, crickety fuddy-duddiness about this whole Jack Squirearchy for my liking. All through the Thirties section of the book the Georgian poets' hobnailed boots are keeping ominous time with the iron hooves of the Gestapo:

> I am very glad to hear that you believe in Nevile Chamberlain. Like all simple-minded people, I was deeply moved by his broadcast, and the attack on him by J. M. Keynes in the NEW STATESMAN upset me.

Too often, putting this book down, I had an unfair but cumulative impression of a vast Georgian charm school, of some fifty pine-panelled drawing-rooms, each with its bright wood fire, its Paul Nash over the mantelpiece and its presentation copy of *Revolt in the Desert*. One grew slowly to dislike the parade of upper middle-class virtues—the cultural do-goodism that will eventually blossom in the New Year's Honours Lists, the ever-so-gentle snubs to the rich and worldly and the constant but equally gentle pressure applied to rich and worldly cheque-books. (From this intemperate outburst I must except the Wavells, father and son, both of whom say what they mean with the acceptable briskness of men who have managed to be both soldiers and intellectuals.)

Fortunately, one need not end on this cantankerous note. Annexed to the main stream of Sir Sydney's correspondence are the letters he exchanged for almost fifty years with Dame Laurentia McLachlan, O.S.B., the Abbess of Stanbrook—the strangest and most moving of literary records which one almost wishes Mr. Hart-Davis could have published in a separate book. Though Dame Laurentia seems a shade out of place amid all these bouncing egos, she was obviously at the still centre of Sir Sydney's life. Her letters are a reminder that saintliness, scholarship and high courtesy are an ideal trinity.

JOHN RAYMOND

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The Comic Muse of Prose

Point of Order. By GWYN THOMAS. *Gollancz.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

A High-Pitched Buzz. By ROGER LONGRIGG. *Faber.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Thalia's ugly sister, the comic muse of prose, that bawdy, gusty, racy, practical joker, has migrated across St. George's Channel, and set up residence now in Wales, it seems. Wales, if contemporary literature is any guide, is still a last stronghold of the idiosyncratic and the quirky, where individualism has not been flattened by our multiple store civilisation or the American way of life, and where the black seams of character are still far from exhausted. Mr. Gwyn Thomas has been hacking and hewing at them for four novels now, and his fifth, *Point of Order*, brings up as rich a haul as ever. "The voters"—his collective noun for the inhabitants, he himself being a councillor—are as unregenerately various and human a crew as you could find in any ward. The councillor who has swung back from Communism to a position in the centre of left neutralism devotes all his efforts to bringing some of the sweetness and light of the Welfare age into this obstinately benighted community. But it is uphill work. Elmhill, "a kind of stammered footnote to the age of steam," remains obdurately natural, enjoying its own brutish way of life and suspicious of its reformer. But the councillor wades through them, multiplying the comic clashes at every turn. It is impossible to give, to those who haven't read him, any idea of the rich, thick humour that Mr. Thomas exudes on every quotable page. He makes his words work double time and a pungent smell of bursting vitality comes off the crowded pages and scene follows scene in almost too rapid a sequence.

My only quarrel with Mr. Thomas is that construction is wanting in his novel. The first half is so gluey in texture that we never feel we are getting along. All the same, there is enough wit and spirits and life in this book to make three ordinary funny novels; and those who don't yet know him have a treat in store for them.

A High-Pitched Buzz is a first novel and one brimming with talent. Mr. Longrigg is a real discovery; he strikes me as displaying as much promise as Miss Nancy Mitford did when she first came out. Mr. Longrigg's characters are the young sprigs of S.W.1, bowler-hatted, umbrellaed and British-warmed. By day they practise as young barristers, or lounge at "easeful Lloyd's," or sit in the offices of the smarter advertising agencies; by night they girlhunt from Pont Street to Knightsbridge, from Belgravia to Cadogan Square. Mr. Longrigg catches their dialogue to the very latest turn of phrase and notes their manners and their manner with an unerring eye for the vivid touch of detail. He goes to dinner, for instance, with two "young-marrieds" of the species:

> We stood in the small drawing-room (prettily papered in stripes), sipping fairly good sherry out of very good glasses. Then we had a fairly good French meal off perfectly awful Italian plates.

The hero works in a not very smart advertising agency and some of the more hilarious episodes are staged there. The story parallels with an unsuccessful love-affair—his move to a more *chic* establishment where the secretaries are all "debs," the receptionist in the Regency hall is "soignée" with too much costume jewellery," and where he sits in a small armchair, upholstered in lime green stripes and reads the *Tatler*. Presently another elegant Miss conducts him to the boss, called "the Major." Into this atmosphere he eventually fits like a prawn into aspic. Mr. Longrigg will learn the art of cutting as his experience grows, but meanwhile he has written one of the more entertaining first novels of recent years.

RICHARD LISTER

City Lights

Threadneedle *v.* Great George

Connoisseurs of the quaint will be familiar with the annual statements of the bank chairman—rambling monologues, forthright rather than eloquent, forthright rather than reasonable, which customarily include a formal attack on the extravagance of government, the greed of consumers, and the inefficiency of industry, a formal eulogy of thrift, the pound sterling, and bankers. This time, with a year of squeeze to review, the bankers seem united in their hostility to the Treasury and the government. A few carefully selected quotations will make the point.

District: "withholding of normal facilities quite contrary to banking practice" . . . "so much of our limited resources used for government purposes" . . . "unfortunate that the mechanism was not employed more vigorously at an earlier date" . . . "curtailment of private borrowing can be outweighed by the action of the government" . . . "measures hastily designed to meet an emergency" . . . "curb can give rise to a great deal of frustration and friction yet not do much to reinforce monetary management."

Martins: "paramount urgency that the government should introduce substantial economies in expenditure" . . . "applaud Mr. Butler on declaration, before leaving office, of his determination to protect the pound: today the pound note is being depreciated in value without the culprit being thrown into jail."

National Provincial: "this artificial contraction" . . . "these occasions [*i.e.*, directives] have been rare and it is to be hoped that in the future they will not recur" . . . "onerous and disagreeable task" . . . "admission that the orthodox system is not today fully effective" . . . "arbitrary controls and restrictions of bank credit merely attempts to cover up the symptoms of inflation" . . . "the high policy of the government needs a radical reappraisal."

Williams Deacon's: "Chancellor, relying no doubt on efficacy of monetary weapon, felt able to sound an optimistic note and to reduce taxation" . . . "the October budget, about which there has been so much controversy" . . . "a steadily

increasing volume of criticism of the policy" . . . "vigorous action necessary in the fields of government expenditure and taxation" . . . "the increase in profits tax was particularly retrograde."

Westminster: "a most unpleasant policy" . . . "only one of the necessary measures" . . . "very undesirable if long continued" . . . "the failure of successive governments to hold down inflation."

Midland: "something new in monetary management" . . . "causes of the persistent malaise lie deeper than monetary measures" . . . "the purchasing power of the pound has not yet been brought finally under control."

Barclays: "business community, cheered by Chancellor's repeated optimistic assurances, refused to take the warning seriously" . . . "businessmen and investors combined to pass an almost unanimous vote of no confidence in the ability of the government to put a stop to creeping inflation" . . . "absence of any help from the public sector" . . . "a retrograde and regrettable step" . . . "a couple of pinpricks [of the autumn budget], two miserable mangy mice" . . . "great pity this policy not initiated in the earlier months of the year" . . . "it is always to be regretted if the captain is obliged to leave the bridge when the weather is bad and the ship still far from port."

Nuance and innuendo cannot be brought out in short quotations, but the general tone is clear. The bankers do not like the credit squeeze, or the way it has been operated, or the Treasury, or the late Chancellor, or even the government. They find it disillusioning that a Conservative government should allow employment to be fuller than ever, prices to rise, central expenditure to remain high; they find it annoying that they, while everyone else is booming happily, should be given a taste of the medicine they have so often advocated. They object to the directive; they do not advocate a higher bank rate. They are almost ready to write off monetary policy. They want sweeping cuts in government expenditure, taxation and an end to overfull employment.

This change of mood from the bankers reflects general uncertainty existing in the City. It is noticeable that not only the same ideas, but the same phrases recur in several statements; where monetary policy is discussed, the treatment follows very closely that of the Governor of the Bank of England last October, when he spoke at the Mansion House dinner, pointed out that monetary policy had only a limited efficacy in present conditions, and concluded that "people at home and abroad are now waiting eagerly for action by Her Majesty's Government." Hostility between the Bank of England and the Treasury is no novelty. It appears to be widening into hostility between the City and the government. Perhaps Mr. Macmillan will show that he is a good hater too.

TAURUS

Week-end Competition

No. 1,353

Set by Buzfuz

Combatants in recent wars have sung of the distance from Tipperary or of hanging out the washing on the Siegfried Line. The usual prizes are offered for the words of a wartime song suitable for those participating in the Trojan War, the Battle of Hastings, the Wars of the Roses, H. G. Wells's War of the Worlds, or the Oceanian War in 1984. In present-day English, please, or Newspeak if preferred for the last-named subject. Limit, 16 lines; entries by February 7.

Result of No. 1,350

Set by Vivian Gray

The following eminent persons have been invited by Sunday newspapers, at the appropriate dates, to nominate their choice of "Books Of The Past Few Years": Ben Jonson, Milton, Lord Chesterfield, Samuel Johnson, Samuel Rogers, the Duke of Wellington, Florence Nightingale, Dr. Arnold, Mr. Gladstone, Dr. Jowett, General Booth. Competitors are asked to supply such a

Company Meetings

MIDLAND BANK LIMITED

The One Hundred and twentieth Annual General Meeting of Midland Bank, Limited, will be held on February 15 at the Head Office, Poultry, London, E.C.

The following are extracts from the Statement issued to Shareholders by the Chairman, The Right Hon. Lord Harlech, K.G., P.C., G.C.M.G.:

The upward trend of bank advances was brought to a turning-point in the summer of last year. The sharp rise in Bank rate, in two stages, early in the year and the pressure exerted by the authorities on the money market made it clear that the official intention was to restrict the supply of money along with an increase in its cost. The demand for advances continued to rise, but it became evident that the banks were being forced to take a less accommodating attitude than hitherto towards applications for new or increased advances.

RESTRICTION OF BANK CREDIT

In July the pressure towards restriction was reinforced by the request on the part of the authorities that the banks should bring about "a positive and significant reduction in their advances over the next few months." This was something new in monetary management. I would like to give some idea of the size and nature of the task which was thus placed upon the banks. First, every one of the borrowing accounts with the Midland Bank had to be reviewed to see whether, and by how much, it could be reduced without impeding the conduct of business within the officially approved categories. At the same time the flow of applications for new or increased advances had to be dealt with, in a similarly rigorous manner.

Although "personal and professional" advances made up little more than one-tenth of the aggregate amount of our advances, they comprised well over half the total number of our borrowing accounts. If we add the other two most numerous groups, of small retailers and those engaged in agriculture, we have an aggregate, in these groups alone, of roughly 150,000 accounts, on which the aggregate borrowing was only about one-quarter of the total advances. Supposing—as is quite unthinkable—that every one of the 90,000 purely personal borrowers had been forced to repay his debt to the Bank, and that no new advances at all of a similar sort had been granted, so drastic an operation would by itself have reduced our total advances by only five per cent. The whole operation could have been nullified, in its effects on the total of advances, by increased needs on the part of a small number of large undertakings. It is one thing to prescribe an overall cut, and to work towards some agreed percentage; it is an infinitely more difficult and invidious task so to apportion reductions, and here and there to allow actual increases, as to achieve the net result thus laid down. To do so with complete equity would require superhuman powers. We have been able to do no more than our best.

LESSONS OF EXPERIENCE

In these days economic policy is shaped by a wide range of factors springing from the day-to-day decisions of consumers, workers, savers and investors, business men, public bodies and representative labour and other organizations. Responsibility for the course of affairs is thus shared in by all elements of industry and trade.

The record shows that monetary management cannot by itself maintain both full employment and the purchasing power of the currency. If both are to be secured, important changes must take place in ideas and behaviour. We need to get rid of misconceptions about the meaning of "full employment"; as has been well said: "It should be about as easy for an employer to fill his vacancies satisfactorily as it is for a disengaged person to find a suitable job." A second need is for a revival of personal responsibility for the observance of collective agreements on terms of employment.

The basic facts are simple. As a nation we live by overseas trade; we can buy abroad what we like, up to the value of what we sell; and what we sell must depend upon our ability to deliver what the overseas customer wants, when and in the form that he wants it, and at the price he is willing to pay after looking at other people's shop windows.

LLOYDS BANK

MONETARY POLICY ON TRIAL

The annual general meeting of Lloyds Bank, Ltd., will be held on February 17 in London.

The following are extracts from the Statement by the Chairman, the Rt. Hon. Sir Oliver Franks, G.C.M.G., K.C.B., C.B.E., accompanying the report and accounts for the year 1955:—

The profit, at £2,322,439, is £136,367 higher than last year and we propose a dividend of 12 per cent per annum on the "A" shares, which is the equivalent—allowing for the capital operation carried out a year ago—of the 15 per cent dividend paid for the year 1954.

In many ways, 1955 will go down on record as the best year in the history of this country. It was a year of peace. It was a year in which the general standard of living of the British people was higher than ever before. It was a year in which unemployment in Great Britain virtually disappeared. Peace, prosperity and full employment: these are things which matter profoundly to us all. The simple fact that in 1955 they were realised is evidence enough that for the majority of our countrymen 1955 must count as a very good year indeed. It is not, unfortunately, the whole story. Very few of us were prevented from sharing in the general well-being by lack of work. Large sections of our people, on the other hand, were again robbed of that opportunity by inflation, which for many years past has taken the place of unemployment as the main evil afflicting our society. From the financial point of view, the year was dominated by the Chancellor's efforts, in which the banks were directly involved, to remedy this situation with the aid of monetary restraints. In our recent difficulties there were a number of special factors, but the basic source of our troubles was the excessively high level of domestic demand.

The so-called credit squeeze abruptly entered a new phase when the Chancellor of the Exchequer called upon the banks to effect "a positive and significant reduction in their advances over the next few months." While this was clearly intended to expedite the working of the monetary restraints, it was a reversion to the method of specific controls.

LESSONS FOR THE FUTURE

Looking back, the important thing is to be as clear as we can about the lessons we can draw as a guide to future policy.

The first moral is surely the overwhelming importance of adequate exchange reserves. Had our reserves not been so near the danger level, we could have ignored a temporary loss of gold due to a running down of overseas holdings of sterling. The second is that a modest application of the normal restraints, if undertaken early, will often avoid the need for drastic expedients later on.

The third is the importance of keeping a tight rein upon the volume of bank deposits as one of the main determinants of the flow of spending. In other words, the authorities must keep a tight rein upon the supply of Treasury bills available to the banking system. It is an abuse of the Treasury bill to treat it as the modern equivalent of the printing press. One understands the natural desire of Chancellors of the Exchequer and of Treasury officials to borrow as cheaply as possible. Nevertheless, cheap money is a luxury that we can safely enjoy only after inflation has been mastered.

The true measure of the disinflation brought about since February is the decline of just on 6 per cent in bank deposits, leaving them no higher than in the middle of 1953. It is this decline in deposits—and therefore in the totality of bank assets—which is ultimately of importance, not the movement of the single asset, advances. This is not new doctrine; it is all clearly set out in the Macmillan Report.

Conditions today are in many respects very different from those in which monetary policy used to operate. It would be premature to suggest that the disinflationary measures have as yet accomplished their purpose. Undoubtedly, one nasty corner has been turned. The heavy gold losses of the third quarter have tapered off sharply, but we have not reached a point when we can be sure of steady progress and secure from all anxiety about the balance of payments; nor can we yet hope to achieve that substantial surplus which is one of our basic aims.

A solution acceptable to us all, consonant with our developed views about the kind of society we want, is well within our power. The condition is that we have the will to choose and carry out the means which are necessary to the ends we acclaim.

list of at least three books, and comments, for any one of these V.I.P.s in not more than 150 words.

Report

Sensitive readers have been known to hurry past that page in which the eminent, too often with an awful, unprofessional abandon, disclose their literary leanings. Enthusiasms run astray; older writers lean out from their pinnacles to admire the young, and tumble into absurdity. The editorial pencil seems quite maliciously withheld. Most fortunate are those who have been factual, caustic, brief, a little melancholy or fatigued, as befits the occasion. Competitors on the whole played safe. Samuel Rogers and Mr. Gladstone, who might have been prolix, were hardly attempted at all. And the other V.I.P.s were generally far too careful showmen to let their tastes get—publicly—out of hand. Some entrants, however, were happy in catching the reasoned irrelevance that frequently governs the choice. Ruth Clay (on Miss Nightingale) was one.

My experience with the War Office possibly influences the choice of my first two books: Mr. Lewis Carroll's *Alice in Wonderland* (1865) and *Alice Through the Looking Glass* (1871). I believe I met Tweedledum and Tweedledee in the Crimea.

These books will live as long as the British Civil Service.

A first prize of two guineas to E. C. Jenkins; a guinea to Monica E. Baly, John Brian Kent, Victor F. Honniball (who has earned some latitude over dates), and D. A. J. S.

Honourably mentioned: Trooper Jones, Granville Garley, John Levitt, H. A. C. Evans, Edgar Caton.

GENERAL BOOTH

I am invited to select what I consider to be the best books of recent years. In general, the Army does not read—only the *War Cry*. A bound volume of the *War Cry* for a year is naturally the very best book of that year. However, in the course of long and tiresome train journeys to my far-flung outposts I have become acquainted with many of the works of our greatest novelists and some others. I thank Heaven for the following blesssings:—

1. *The Christian* by Hall Caine, the greatest writer of this or any other age.
2. *The Sorrows of Satan* by Marie Corelli, the wonderful woman whom I still hope to see playing the Big Drum in our Stratford Glory Parade.
3. *Dracula* by Bram Stoker, who has frightened many recruits into the Salvation Army and will frighten many more.

E. C. JENKINS

DR. ARNOLD

I read little in English, but I have lately been struck by Archbishop Whateley's lectures on "The Use and Abuse of Party Feeling in Matters of Religion," a firm reply to both our modern Romanisers and that godless institution in Gower Street. Such reasoned and broadly based writing will convince all true Anglicans of the intolerable pretensions and evil mischief-making of the Tractarians.

In less serious moments I enjoyed Mr. Justice Coleridge's Blackstone, while Mr. Wordsworth's "Ecclesiastical Sonnets" showed our greatest poet now at the height of his powers.

I was persuaded to read Mr. Dickens's "Nicholas Nickleby," and however grim the experience, I cannot regret it. I am doubtful whether Mr. Squeers set himself the goal of producing Christian gentlemen, which I conceive is our ideal, since Christian boys we do not have. An alarming, but deeply moving book.

JOHN BRIAN KENT

MISS FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE

Of the mass of material I have read during the past few years, three publications of paramount importance stand out.

First, I enjoyed immensely reading the correlated returns of the *Circular of Enquiry* sent to India in 1859. These took several years to collate, and now comprise 1,000 pages of small type statistics. The most exciting reading. A basis for future planning.

The Report of the Indian Sanitary Commission was signed this year, and there was joy in my heart. The full Blue Book is most revealing, but it is deplorable that the public can only obtain an emasculated edition. The Report is opinion; the Blue Book is fact.

Finally the *Report of the Registrar-General* makes excellent reading although it is sadly lacking in those vital statistics which, for so long, I have urged the government to include. The connection between health and dwellings is the most important that exists.

MONICA E. BALY

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON

The *Duke of Wellington* observes that the novel, *The Naked and the Dead*, indicates the resilience of good soldiers obstructed by the leadership of a Military Jackanapes who has not the common sense to test his imagined military sagacity in tactical experiments before risking it upon the outcome of a campaign.

In the *Life of Rudyard Kipling* the Duke notes how a working journalist appreciates the wisdom of the initiation of reform upon a small scale, trusting that in the admiration thus begotten may grow the seed of ultimate Improvement in the Body Politic—such having been the Duke's own practice in the Peninsula.

The Young Samuel Johnson upholds the Duke's conviction that even undesirable Manners and unfortunate Fashions are embedded in Civilisation, so that the Political Surgery advocated by Whiggish Revolutionaries must constitute the Murder of England to cure the Gout of her Aristocracy.

VICTOR F. HONNIBALL

DR. JOHNSON

It is a thankless task to direct any man what he should read; yet, if a stranger were to ask my opinion, I would say: "Sir, If you would be amused read 'The Vicar of Wakefield,' for unless you are a Blockhead 'twill give you some hours' smiling, and your shilling will help a very worthy fellow to pay his Rent; if you would be moved read Kit Smart's 'Song of David'—'twas written in a madhouse which I take to be a great Argument that some other of our Poets should pay a visit to Bedlam; and if you would be instructed to read 'The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire' which promises, when 'tis finished, to be a very fair likeness of its Progenitor, being prodigious alike in Learning and in Bulk."

D. A. J. S.

PERSONAL

MARRIED cple. planning continental hol. car 2 seats vac. sk. anr. cple., 30/40 outdr. ints., photog., sunbathing. Box 2251.

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PERSONAL—continued

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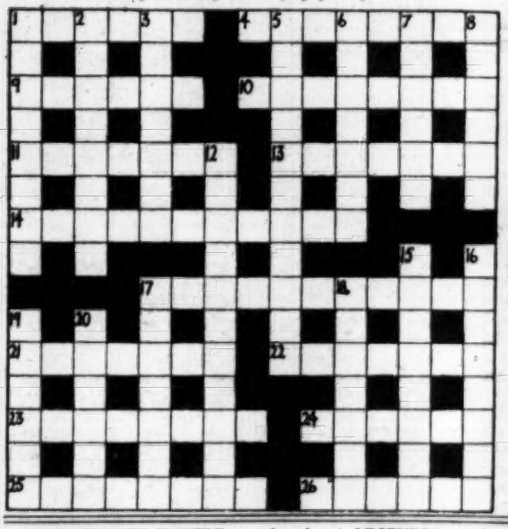
Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword No. 189, N.S. & N., Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1, by first post on Feb. 7.



ACROSS

1. Spinner who is reluctant in company (6).
4. Those who have left school are better for not being in the limelight (8).
9. Put an object back twice in front of an artist (6).
10. Country bordering on Formosa (8).
11. Put a vessel up for the sauce (7).
13. A foreigner, he embraces the Lady of the Lake (7).
14. Vital rock for a missionary (11).
17. By a doctor most of the account is indeed discharged (11).
21. Threatens the male experts (7).
22. Girl ruined in a love serial (7).
23. Less calm and more stir perhaps (8).
24. " No jutty, ——, Buttress, nor coign of vantage " (*Macbeth*) (6).
25. In America it is grandest having a star in the street (8).
26. French enclosure and chamber (6).

DOWN

1. Mice or mountains? (8).
2. It expresses a desire—for the T.V. opiate perhaps? (8).
3. They do not believe hate transformed a female (7).
5. Sandy-haired loafer by the sea? (11).
6. A prince makes a false statement to a daily (7).
7. Put to flight in a definite direction? (6).
8. Boring study for a poet (6).
12. Scholars and men of letters (11).
15. Books an afterthought changes (8).
16. A close attendant, Dante goes crazy about her (8).
17. A fraction may be claimed (7).
18. Concerning a Roman period in which Sallust rallied (7).
19. The total in the main mounts and provides entertainment (6).
20. It makes the boot comfortable for a cricketer (6).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 187

FRIZEWINNERS TO No. 187

Mrs. Derrick Franklyn (*Newbury*), *G. von Dippe* (*London, N.W.*11), *Miss Carol Matthews* (*London, N.W.*3).

APPOINTMENTS WANTED—continued

SECRETARY, 27, tired of rarefied atmosphere publishers' office, seeks job in organisation dealing with real people. Hard work welcome. Box 2533.

IMPECUNIOUS writer, 35, seeks any job small but regular income. Box 2408.

WHO can offer me a post? Lady in forties, well educ., expd. sec., fluent German, proficient needlewoman, able to teach, fond of children, some knowl. driving, shs. respons. post in/nr. London. Box 2490.

SECRETARY (Lady) experienced, good organiser, based Birmingham, prepared to travel, seeks post with Professional/trade association, or committee work. Box 2459.

EDUCATED Canadian female (25). Experienced shorthand-typist. Photographer, darkroom technician; writing ability, seeks interesting, remunerative position. Box 2415.

SOCIAL work, pref. psychiatric, sought, requiring initiative, enthusiasm. Married woman, 22. Present editorial post. Experience Therapeutic, Social Clubs. Box 2392.

ENTERTAINMENTS

EVERYMAN. Ham. 1525. Cocteau Season. Until Jan. 29: Orpheus (A). From Jan. 30: Les Enfants Terribles (X).

NATIONAL Film Theatre, South Bank. Wat. 3232. Sat., Jan. 28. Laurence Olivier, Merle Oberon in "Wuthering Heights" (A). Dir.: William Wyler. 2, 4, 6, 8.15. Open to public.

INDIA Film Society, 47 Strand, W.C.2, presents "Chandralekha" (English subtitles), a story of adventure and romance, at the Scala Theatre on February 5.

LEWISHAM Film Soc. HIT. 6581. Unitarian Hall, next Cent. Library. Jan. 28, 7.15. Hitchcock's "The 39 Steps." Guests 1s.

LONDON Scientific Film Society at the National Film Theatre on Sun., Feb. 12, Mar. 11, Apr. 8. Sub for 3 shows 7s. 6d. Apply L.S.F.S., 164 Shaftesbury Ave. W.C.2.

ALL dancers will be welcomed by the W. Central Tennis Club on Sat., Jan. 28, at the Grosvenor Rooms (opp. Willesden Grn. Stn.) where Max Lewis & his band will play from 7.30 to 11 p.m. Adm. 6s. 6d., 5s. 6d. bef. 8 p.m.

EXHIBITIONS

BEAUX Arts Gallery, Bruton Place, W.1. Paintings by Frank Auerbach. Last week.

LEICESTER Galleries, Leicester Sq. New Year Exhibition. An annual event. 10-5.30. Sats., 10-1. Until Feb. 2.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

THE Part played by Women in the Development of their Countries—Speakers: Miss Sudiati Sudiono (Indonesia) and Miss Rena Langer (Israel), at Fawcett Society meeting, Alliance Hall, Palmer Street, Westminster, January 31, 7 p.m. Adm. free, silver coiln.

THE Linguists' Club, Niddry Lodge, Campden Hill Rd., W.8, at 6 p.m. February 4. Film: M. Hulot's Holiday, French with English sub-titles.

THE West London Ethical Society, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, Kensington High St., W.8. Sun., Jan. 29, 6.30, Music & Readings. 7 p.m., H. J. Blackham "New Hope for Africa."

ASPECTS of Yoga. Talks ev. Sat. 2.30, Feb. 4, "The Psychology of Yoga." Seymour Hall, Seymour Pl., W.1. Arr. Shanti Sadan.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

"JEWISH and Christian Conceptions of the Good Life," (2) "The Ideal for the Individual"—Addresses by Dr. Herbert G. Wood (Society of Friends) and Rabbi Dr. I. Maybaum; Thursday, February 2, at 8.15 p.m., at King's Weigh House Church Hall, Binney St. (almost opp. Selfridges), Oxford St., W.1, under the auspices of London Society of Jews and Christians. All welcome.

CONWAY Discussion Circle. Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Weekly discussion in the Library on Tuesday, Jan. 31, at 7.15 p.m. Dr. D. Stark Murray, "Medical Science and Population Problems." Adm. free. Collection.

BUDDHIST Society, 16 Gordon Square, W.C.1. Wed., Feb. 1, 6.30. Public lecture, "Meditation on Scriptural Texts." Dr. E. Conze. Read "The Middle Way." 2s. 6d. quarterly. Information: EUS. 7770. Buddha Jubilee Year 2500 begins 24.5.56.

PERSONALIST Group. Buberian dialogue. J. B. Coates and Bruce Wavell on "Are Analytical Philosophers Guilty of the Treason of the Clerks?" Conway Hall, Thurs., Feb. 2, 7.30 p.m.

DEMOCRACY in our Working Lives—Why Not? Winifred Raphael at the Caxton Hall (Kent Rm.), Feb. 14, at 7 p.m. Chair: R. S. W. Pollard. Progressive League.

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

UNIVERSITY of London: A course of three lectures on "Historical Writing in English in the Early Middle Ages" will be given by Dr. F. E. Harmer (Manchester) at 5.30 p.m. on February 3, 10 & 17, at University of London, Senate House, W.C.1. Admission free, without ticket.

"PEACE & the Professions": 4 Lectures on Thursday evngs., Feb. 2, 16; Mar. 3, 17 at 8 p.m. (Doors open 7.30), Caxton Hall, S.W.1. Adm. 1s. at door. Ausp. Jt. Council Arts & Professions for Peace. Feb. 2: Sam Fisher, B.A.: "The Child—Eternal Victim of War." Further details, see press or from Sec., 37 Newton Rd., W.2.

ARCHITECTURAL Association School of Architecture. Entrance Examination for admission September, 1956, will be held on March 12. Last date for application: March 1. Full particulars and application forms from: Principal, 36 Bedford Square, W.C.1.

RUSSIAN: private tuition and translations. Tel. HAM. 7809.

LECTURE COURSES, ETC.—continued

"ON the Frontiers of Science." 8 public lectures Tues. 6.30 beginning Jan. 31st. Speakers include: Lord Boyd Orr (Food and Population); Sir John Cockcroft (Atomic Energy); Sir Heneage Ogilvie (Medical Science); Prof. Massey (Space Travel); Martin Ryle (Radio Astronomy); Ritchie Calder (Social Implications of Science). Course ticket 7s. 6d. Details from Sec., Morley College, 61 Westminster Bridge Road, S.E.1. WAT. 6872.

GOING Abroad this year? The Pelman Languages Institute teaches French, German, Spanish, Italian without the use of English; the method is explained in four little books, one for each language; write for book and specimen lessons, sent gratis, post free. (Reduced fees for H.M. Forces.) Pelman Languages Institute, 67 Norfolk Mansions, Wigmore St., London, W.1. WELbeck 1411.

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EASTER AND SUMMER SCHOOLS

UNIV. of Birmingham. Easter Study Tours. Greece: Antiquities & Art. By air, £98. Italy: Art & Architecture, rail & coach, £49. France: Cathedrals. By coach, £38. Germany: Industry, by air; £45. Dets. from Extra-Mural Dept., Univ., Edmund St., B'ham., 3.

SCHOLARSHIPS

SCHOLARSHIPS Abroad, 1956/57. Applications are invited from British students for scholarships offered by Austria, Belgium, Brazil, Denmark, Finland, France, Germany, Iceland, Iran, Italy, The Netherlands, Norway, Portugal, Spain, Sweden, Switzerland, and Yugoslavia. The awards are mainly for university graduates and undergraduates and are tenable for periods varying from a few weeks to twelve months during the academic year 1956/57. The closing dates for receipt of applications vary between February 1 and May 23, 1956. Full particulars and application forms, for which a stamped addressed foolscap envelope should be sent, are obtainable from the British Council, 65 Davies St., London, W.1, or from any British Council office in the United Kingdom.

TYPING AND TRANSLATIONS

MRS. Jolly will type or duplicate it for you. 26 Charing Cross Rd., W.C.2. TEM. 5588 and FRE. 8640.

TYPING AND TRANSLATIONS—continued

DESK & Secretarial Services. Clients' messages, post, enquiries, etc., are efficiently handled at 361 Oxford St., W.1, by Ellen Services, Ltd., MAYfair 5237/5133.

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ODAM Hill School, South Molton, for boys and girls interested in farming. Sound gen. educ., combined farm-training. Riding. Girls Domestic Science. Mrs. Falkner, B.A.

ST. CHRISTOPHER School, Letchworth; co-educational, 5 to 18 years, in an open-air atmosphere of ordered freedom. High standards of creative work and achievement leading to Universities and satisfying careers. N. King Harris, M.A.

WHITTON Dene House (Twickenham-Isleworth area). Nursery-Infant School (3-8 yrs.). Recog. by Froebel Foundation & Min. of Educ. Open-air life in acre gdn. & orchard. Buses 33 & 203. HOU. 4430.

WYCHWOOD Girls' School, Oxford, 10 to University age, small classes; exceptional cultural and musical opportunites, self-governing community. Principals, Miss M. L. Lee, M.A., Miss E. M. Snodgrass, M.A.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

"ARE Communists Taking Over the A.E.U.?" For this and other articles of urgent interest to Trades Unionists and democratic Socialists see Common Cause Bulletin. Free sample copy for 1½d. stamp. Common Cause, 66 Elizabeth Street, S.W.1.

DEMOCRACY in our working lives. Outstanding booklet on all-import. subj. 1s. 6d. Good terms to booksellers. Progressive League, 20 Buckingham St., W.C.2.

"THE Nation," America's leading Liberal Weekly. Subscriptions £2 16s. 3d. yearly, may be sent through the Publisher, N.S. & N., Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1. Specimen copy on request.

FATE Magazine. Intelligent authoritative articles on flying saucers, ghosts, life after death &c. 12 different 1s. copies. 5s. p. free. Bugden, 36 Chalkwell Path, Hitchin, Herts.

UNITARIANS. What do they believe? Inform. & literature from Mrs. Dickin, 17a Hermitage St., Crewkerne, Somerset.

L. SIMMONDS, 16 Fleet Street. CENtral 3907. Books bought in any quantity. Libraries purchased. Standard sets. Good technical books also required.

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NEW STATESMAN AND NATION, Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1 (Holborn 8471)

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

The engagement of persons answering these advertisements must be made through a Local Office of the Ministry of Labour or a Scheduled Employment Agency if the applicant is a man aged 18-64 inclusive or a woman aged 18-59 inclusive unless he or she, or the employment, is excepted from the provisions of the Notification of Vacancies Order, 1952.

AUSTRALIA—University of Adelaide Chair of Architecture.—The University invites applications for the newly established Chair of Architecture. Duties: The Professor will be Head of the Department of Architecture in the University and will be responsible to the Council for its work. Salary: £A2,800 a year, with superannuation provision on the F.S.S.U. basis. General: Potential candidates are invited to seek from the undersigned or from the Secretary of the Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1, a statement for the general information of candidates. Candidates in Great Britain may also borrow from the Secretary of the A.U.B.C. a coloured film showing the University and the city and surroundings of Adelaide. Terms of Appointment: The general conditions of appointment are the same as for other Professors in the University. Details will be supplied on request to the undersigned* or to the Secretary, A.U.B.C. Applications: Applications, in duplicate, giving particulars of age, academic qualifications, experience and war service (if any) and accompanied by a recent photograph, a medical certificate of health, a list of publications, and the names and addresses of three referees of whom confidential enquiries may be made, should reach the undersigned* not later than February 15, 1956. Enquiries are invited and further information will be supplied on request. The University Calendar may be consulted in the Library of any University which is a member of A.U.B.C. *V. E. Edgeloe, Registrar, University of Adelaide, Adelaide, South Australia.

METEOROLOGICAL Office, Scientific Officers. The Civil Service Commissioners invite applications for permanent posts. Early application is advised. The duties include research in atmospheric physics, covering the study of cloud structure, synoptic and dynamical meteorology, large and small scale diffusion and turbulence, climatology, and development of instruments. There is a limited number of posts for forecasting work at the more important centres. Successful candidates will be given a course in meteorology before being assigned to a research or forecasting establishment for further training and experience. In some instances candidates with national service obligations can be commissioned in the R.A.F. for forecasting duties at R.A.F. stations. Further information may be obtained from the Director, Meteorological Office, (M.O.10), Air Ministry, Kingsway, London, W.C.2. Candidates must be between 21 and 28 during 1956 (up to 31 for permanent members of the Experimental Officer class). They must have (or obtain in Summer, 1956) a First or Second Class Honours degree preferably in physics or mathematics. Salaries £513-£925 (London rates for men; somewhat lower in the provinces). Women's scales are somewhat lower than men's but subject to improvement under equal pay scheme. Opportunities for promotion to Senior Scientific Officer (£1,070—£1,245), and higher posts. Application forms from Civil Service Commission, Scientific Branch, 30 Old Burlington Street, London, W.1, quoting No. S52/56. (Met.)

UNIVERSITY of Durham, King's College, Newcastle upon Tyne. The Council of King's College invite applications for the post of Staff Tutor in the Department of Extra-Mural Studies. Applicants should have a good honours degree in Economics and an interest in trade union studies and industrial relations. The commencing salary will be determined at an appropriate point on the Lecturers' scale (£650×£50—£1,350), in accordance with the qualifications and experience of the successful applicant. Family allowance and F.S.S.U. benefits. Further particulars and forms of application may be obtained from the Dir. of Extra-Mural Studies, Joseph Cowen House, Barras Bridge, Newcastle upon Tyne, 1. G. R. Hanson, Registrar of King's College.

THE National Association for Mental Health has the following vacancies:—1. An Administrative Assistant in the Training and Education Department. Candidates should be graduates between the ages of 28 and 35, and should have Committee experience. Starting salary £500; superannuation. 2. An Administrative Assistant between 30 and 40 for general duties, including welfare, office management, and maintenance of buildings. Starting salary £450; superannuation. Applications with names of 2 referees should be forwarded to: The General Secretary, 39 Queen Anne Street, London, W.1.

A LARGE food factory in West Middlesex requires a Statistician for Job Evaluation and Wage Structure Analysis. Applicants should possess B.Sc.Econ. or similar suitable background. The work is interesting and there is the opportunity for advancement into a responsible position once ability has been proved. Industrial experience, although desirable, is not essential providing applicant has personality and initiative. Box 2336.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

AUSTRALIA—University of Sydney. Applications are invited for the position of Lecturer/Senior Lecturer in French. The salary for a Lecturer is within the range of £1,200—£80—£1,750 (Australian) per annum, for a Senior Lecturer, £1,800—£70—£2,150 (Australian) per annum. In each case cost of living adjustment will be allowed (£26 men, £20 women). The salary is subject to deductions under the State Superannuation Act. The commencing salary will be fixed according to the qualifications and experience of the successful applicant. Finance available for home purchase under Staff Members' Housing Scheme. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, W.C.1. The closing date for the receipt of applications in Australia and London is Feb. 18, 1956.

GOVERNMENT of the Northern Region, Nigeria Information Service. (a) Information Officer (Overseas Editor) and (b) Information Officer (Press). Post (a) Qualifications: Applicants must be of good education not over 45 years of age and essentially journalists with considerable practical experience in the production of news stories of a high standard. Experience in all stages on the editorial side of booklet production an advantage. Ability to take photographs suitable for inclusion in leading publications desirable. Previous experience of Nigeria also very desirable. Duties: To be responsible to the Director of the Regional Information Service for the overall publicity of the Northern Region of Nigeria in overseas countries especially by means of written material such as releases, features, booklets, etc., to tour in the Region and to train local personnel in press work. Post (b) Qualifications: Wide journalistic experience of not less than 10 years in all branches of journalism especially in sub-editing and practical reporting. Ability to take photographs suitable for press reproduction and experience with Colonial newspapers an advantage. Initiative and ability to control staff essential. Not over 45 years of age. Duties: To be in charge of the Press Section which deals with all aspects of the normal day-to-day output of press material to Nigerian newspapers and to train local staff of the Press Section in the written presentation of news: will be required to travel extensively within the Northern Region. Post (a) and (b). Terms of Appointment: On contract for one tour of 18-24 months in the first instance with emoluments in the scale £840—£1,824 p.a. and gratuity on satisfactory completion of contract. Outfit allowance £60. Quarters provided at rental: free passages: allowances for children not domiciled in Nigeria, free medical attention: generous leave: income tax at local rates. Apply in writing, to the Director of Recruitment, Colonial Office, Great Smith Street, London, S.W.1, giving briefly age, qualifications and experience. Mention the reference number BCD/148/408/01 and 02 respectively.

UNIVERSITY of Nottingham. Department of Fine Art. The University has decided to establish a Department of Fine Art, and applications are invited for appointment as Lecturer in the History and Theory of Fine Art and Head of the Department. Initial salary within the scale £1,050 to £1,350 per annum, according to qualifications and experience. Further information and conditions of appointment may be obtained from the undersigned. H. Pickbourne, Registrar.

UNIVERSITY of Edinburgh. Chair of Economic History. The University Court invites applications for the Chair of Economic History which is shortly to be instituted in the University. The terms and conditions of appointment may be obtained from the undersigned, with whom applications (ten copies) giving the names of two referees and including any testimonials or evidence the candidates may wish to offer, should be lodged not later than February 29, 1956. A candidate from overseas may submit one copy of application. Charles H. Stewart, Secretary to the University.

L.C.C. Children's Department. Applications are invited from suitably qualified men and women for appointment to two positions of Inspector of Child Care. Each person appointed will be required to advise a District Children's Committee on all questions of child care, including advising on the development of preventive and rehabilitation work, field work in the areas comprising the district and maintenance of constant high standards of child welfare in children's homes and nurseries. An extensive knowledge of aims and methods of Child Guidance or similar services essential; also ability to suggest methods of dealing with children presenting behaviour problems, including delinquents. Practical experience of work in residential establishments for children and ability to advise on games and leisure-time activities an advantage. Salary scale £965 5s by £47 5s to £1,296. Application forms s.a.e. (foolscap) obtainable from Children's Officer (CH/A1), County Hall, London, S.E.1 and returnable by February 18. Canvassing disqualifies. (26.)

HEADMASTER required at Jewish school for boys and girls (6-16 years) in Aden. Salary £1,100 p.a. and accom. Return passage paid. Apply with full details to Sec., Anglo-Jewish Association, Woburn House, Upper Woburn Place, London, W.C.1.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

LONDON County Council. Post of Special Responsibility — Deputy Headmistress, Hurlingham School, Peterborough Road, Fulham, S.W.6. Applications invited for appointment as Deputy Headmistress of this new Secondary School for about 1,500 girls, to be opened in September, 1956. Burnham (London) Scale salary with special allowance of £450 a year. The school is intended to work in close association on a voluntary basis with a neighbouring voluntary aided grammar school. Courses will be provided for girls, up to and beyond statutory school leaving age, including some leading to G.C.E. (O and A levels) with special provision for courses in basic catering, commerce and prenursing. Applicants should have good qualifications, organising ability, varied teaching experience and an interest in the whole field of secondary education. It is hoped that the Deputy Headmistress will be able to take up duty for preliminary planning at Easter, 1956. Application forms EO/TS10 (Hurlingham Deputy) to be obtained from and returned to Education Officer (EO/TS10), The County Hall, Westminster Bridge, S.E.1, by February 10, 1956. Candidates who have recently applied for similar posts and have no particulars to add may apply on form TS10.B. (146).

THE London Police Court Mission, which is concerned with the Probation Service and the management of Approved Schools and Hostels, proposes to appoint an Assistant Secretary (male). Good prospects. Commencing salary not less than £750 per annum, fixed in accordance with age, experience and qualifications. Applications, together with copies of recent testimonials, to: The General Secretary, L.P.C.M., 2, Hobart Pl., Eaton Sq., S.W.1.

COUNTY Borough of West Bromwich, Education Committee: Applications are invited for the appointment of a Qualified Psychiatric Social Worker in the Child Guidance Service. Qualifications and salary in accordance with the Whitley Council for the Health Service (P.T.A. Circular 33), within the range £495 (at age of 27)-£750. Applications should reach the undersigned as soon as possible, and state age, experience, qualifications, present and former positions, and the names of two persons to whom reference may be made. J. H. Turner, Dir. of Education, Education Offices, Highfields, W. Bromwich.

THE Council of Industrial Design require an Editorial Assistant for their magazine "Design." Under 30, keenly aware of modern design trends, able to write. University degree or sub-editorial experience desirable. Starting salary according to age and experience, £475 to £580 (men), £430 to £505 (women), rising to £780 under equal pay scheme. Application forms and further information from the Establishment Officer, The Council of Industrial Design, 28 Haymarket, S.W.1. TRAfalgar 8000.

ENGLISH Stage Company, Royal Court Theatre, requires General Manager. Start immediately. Written applications only considered. State age and experience.

DELROW House, Hilfield Lane, Aldenham, Herts. Applications are invited for the post of Deputy Headmistress of this approved school for 35 girls, aged 14-16 on admission. Candidates must be capable of taking a large measure of responsibility, must share with the Headmistress the day-to-day running of the School, and take complete charge in her absence. Social Service and/or Domestic Science training an advantage. Salary in accordance with qualifications, that is, Burnham Scale for teachers in Approved Schools or Home Office Scale for Housemistresses, with £70 special responsibility allowance in either case. Applications, giving particulars of training and experience, with names of 3 referees, to Correspondent of the Managers, London Police Court Mission, 2, Hobart Place, S.W.1.

AN opportunity for young men to serve a national Christian charitable cause and commence a worthwhile and pensionable career, after training, as travelling organisers. Experienced man also required. Own car or cycle an advantage but not essential. Salary and expense allowance. Work will include Lancs, Yorks, Midlands, West and South West and is meeting with generous public response in all parts. Fuller details sent to suitable enquirers who write, stating age, past experience and present or desired income. Box 2502

ORGANISER required for Edinburgh and East of Scotland Area. Applicants must be able to lecture on several N.C.L.C. subjects. Salary £525, rising by £25 to £600 per annum. Superannuation scheme. Apply J. P. M. Millar, General Secretary, National Council of Labour Colleges, Tillicoultry, Scotland.

SURREY County Council. Resident Assistant Housemothers required (with or without experience) for children's homes in Surrey. Salary: £320×£15—£365 p.a. less £108 p.a. emoluments. Application form and further details obtainable on receipt of a stamped addressed foolscap envelope from Children's Officer (H/JHP/281), County Hall, Kingston-upon-Thames.

ART Booksellers (Bloomsbury) require educated shorthand typist for part-time clerical work (chiefly invoice typing). 4 hours daily. High degree of accuracy essential. Perm. position. State age, education, exp., salary reqd. Handwritten applic. Box 2492.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

SENIOR Scientific Officers: Scientific Officers. The Civil Service Commissioners invite applications for pensionable appointments. Applications may be accepted up to December 31, 1956 (June 30, 1956 for posts in any branch of Chemistry or Biology), but early application is advised as an earlier closing date may be announced. Interview Boards will sit at frequent intervals. The Scientific posts cover a wide range of scientific research and development in most of the major fields of fundamental and applied science. In biological subjects the number of vacancies is small: individual vacancies exist for candidates who have special knowledge of, or who are interested in palaeobotany, malacology, helminthology; acarology, foraminifera. Candidates must have obtained a university degree with first or second class honours in a appropriate scientific subject (including engineering) or in Mathematics, or an equivalent qualification; or possess high professional attainments. Candidates for Senior Scientific Officer posts must in addition have had at least three years' post-graduate or other approved experience. Candidates taking their degrees in 1956 may apply before the result of their degree examination is known. Age Limits: Senior Scientific Officers, between 26 and 31, but specially suitable candidates under 26 may be admitted; for Scientific Officers between 21 and 28 during 1956 (up to 31 for permanent members of the Experimental Officer class). Salary (London) Senior Scientific Officers: (men) £1,070-£1,245; (women) £951-£1,155. Scientific Officers: (men) £513-£925; (women) £513-£850. Women's scales being improved under equal pay scheme. Somewhat lower rates in the provinces. Further particulars from Civil Service Commission, Scientific Branch, 30 Old Burlington Street, London, W.1, quoting No. S53/56 for Senior Scientific Officers and S.52/56 for Scientific Officers.

THE Infantile Paralysis Fellowship requires immediately: Assistant Welfare Officer. Salary according to qualifications & experience, willing to visit branches. Senior Committee Clerk to deal with minutes, reports, agenda, etc. Please apply in writing, giving full particulars, to Gen. Sec., I.P.F., Rugby Chambers, Great James St., London, W.C.1.

BRITISH Film Institute has a vacancy for a senior officer. Leadership, executive capacity and ability to lecture essential. Details from Secretary, 164 Shaftesbury Avenue, W.C.2. TEMple Bar 1642.

ST. Christopher School, Letchworth, Herts. Assistant Matron required for junior boarding house of 15 children ages 5 to 9; one of two assistants working with house mother. Opportunities to share fully in general life of school community with total staff of 90 men and women. Previous experience not essential, but love and understanding of young children important. Applications to Mrs. King Harris.

TEACHERS for British Columbia. The British Columbia Provincial Department of Education is interested in obtaining the names of qualified British secondary school teachers desirous of emigrating to British Columbia for September, 1956. Applicants should be under the age of 45 years, must hold a recognised university degree and have completed a formal course of teacher training or hold a diploma in Education. Those interested should write immediately to Mr. W. A. McAdam, Agent General, B.C. House, 1-3 Regent Street, London, S.W.1, for particulars and applications. Interviews with a representative, who has authority to make appointments to schools in British Columbia, will be arranged in February and March for those whose eligibility for certification has been determined.

CAMBRIDGE. Managing Director of University and Town Waterworks Company requires Experienced Woman Secretary who wants to settle down in a permanent, pensionable job; is not afraid of work and responsibility; has poise and personality. Salary £400/500 according to qualifications. Applications with full particulars to 4 Bene't Street, Cambridge.

SECRETARY shorthand-typist for small publisher-translator's office. Frequent sole charge. 5-day week. Start £7 10s. Age immaterial. Box 2510.

ARCHÆOLOGY, Institute of, London University, Inner Circle, N.W.1, require Assistant in administrative offices. Particulars from Secretary.

EXPD. advertising manager wanted by publisher for all aspects of publicity, press advertising, prospectuses. Write Routledge & Kegan Paul, 70 Carter Lane, E.C.4.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

EXP. Organiser, m., 65, at present manager-buyer shoe trade, reqs. intg. full/part-time post M/c. ares, demanding integrity, adaptability, intelligence. Box 2449.

DUTCHMAN, 21, educ., anxious to improve English, sks. work approx. 1 yr. Knowl. Engl., Ger., French, Dutch and typing. Box 2248.

EXPECTANT unmarried mother (21) seeks occupation (in family with children) until April. References exchanged. Box 2516.

Continued on page 111

Entered as second-class Mail Matter at the New York, N.Y., Post Office, 1928. Printed in Great Britain for the Proprietors by Cornwall Press Ltd., Paria Garden, Stamford Street, London, S.E.1. Published Weekly at 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, London, W.C.1.